POEMS

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ON

Several OCCASIONS:

AND

Two Critical ESSAYS, *viz.*

The FIRST,

On the HARMONY, VARIETY, and POWER of NUMBERS, whether in PROSE or VERSE.

The SECOND,

On the NUMBERS of PARADISE LOST.

By Mr. *SAMUEL SAY.*

LONDON:

Printed by JOHN HUGHS, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

MDCCXLV.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

WITH

TWO CRITICAL ESSAYS, viz.

The FIRST,

On the HARMONY, VARIETY, and POWER of NUMBERS, whether in PROSE or VERSE.

The SECOND,

On the NATURE of PARADISE LOST.

By Mr. SAUMAIZE.

LONDON:

MDCCXIV.

THE PREFACE.

IT may be proper to acquaint the Reader, that moſt of the following Poëms were written in the Author's younger Years, chiefly as an Amuſement from graver Studies, and never intended for the Preſs; But, after his Death, a Friend being deſired to look over his Papers, and examine if there was any thing of the Poëtical kind, that might be acceptable to the Public, it was thought, on ſuch Review, that this little Collection would be well received.

If the Reader will turn to what the Author has ſaid in his *Second Eſſay*, p. 154, concerning the Idéa he ſuppoſes HORACE to have purſued in his *Satires* and *Epiſtles* with regard to the *Numbers*, he will know what to expect in the following Tranſlations of ſome of the *Epiſtles*, *viz.* the pure and genuine Senſe, without much Gloſs or Ornament, yet the *Accents* ſtill reſting naturally on Thoſe Words which are deſign'd to be Emphatical. But where HORACE is Harmonious, the Tranſla-

tor happily imitates him, being not unmindful of the Rule preſcrib'd by one of his Poëtical Maſters;

> Your Author always will the Beſt adviſe;
> Fall when he falls, and when he riſes riſe.
>
> *Earl of* ROSCOMMON.

It is preſumed no-body will be diſpleaſed with the Occaſional Verſes of a Gayer Turn: they were the Fruits of a Youthful Fancy, and contain nothing but what is Chaſte and Innocent. Mr. SAY did not make Virtue to conſiſt in a *Stoïcal* Apathy, but had a Heart ſuſceptible of Every tender, ſocial, and humane Paſſion.

Some of the Poëms on *Moral* and *Divine* Subjects are lively Paintings of the Author's humble, unambitious Mind; and others the Spontaneous Offering of a grateful Heart for the Grace and Goodneſs of GOD to Mankind in the *Creätion* and *Redemption* of the World.

The *Two Eſſays* were drawn up about Seven Years ago, at the Requeſt of Mr. RICHARDSON the Painter, who was pleaſed with Mr. SAY's uncommon Way of Thinking on thoſe Subjects.

The Author was the more careful to point out ſome of the

the Beauties in PARADISE REGAIN'D, in hopes of exciting a Curioſity to peruſe That Poëm, which, tho' ſuppoſed far inferior to PARADISE LOST in the General Plan, has, nevertheleſs, many ſhining Paſſages: And Some prefer the Fourth Book of PARADISE REGAIN'D to the latter Books of PARADISE LOST.

Mr. SAY, as well as Mr. ADDISON, was a profeſt Admirer of CHEVY-CHACE. Whoever has the ſame Taſte will be pleaſed to find the only Abſurdity in that memorable Ballad, corrected * here from the Old Edition of it printed by OTTERBURN in the Reign of HARRY the Sixth.

The Printer having deſired ſome ſmall Piece to compleat the laſt Sheet, it was thought that the Author's rational Account of the Scripture Senſe of the Word PREACHING might be acceptable to the Reader.

It is not, perhaps, proper to attempt, in this Place, Mr. SAY's Character as a Miniſter of the Goſpel: And, beſides, That has been already given by Dr. HUGHES in the Sermon preach'd on occaſion of his Funeral: From which, however, I beg leave to quote a ſingle Paſſage: The Words are theſe, "He never confined himſelf to the Sentiments of Any Party

* Eſſay the Second, p. 168.

"in

" in the things of Religion; but followed whereſoever his " Reaſon, his Conſcience, and the Scriptures led him."

But it will not be thought foreign to the Office of an Editor of a Poëtical Work, juſt to touch the Out-lines of his Character as a GENTLEMAN and a SCHOLAR.

He had great Candor and Good-breeding, without Stiffneſs or Formality, an Open Countenance, and a Temper always Communicative.

He was a tender Huſband, an indulgent Father, and of a moſt benevolent Diſpoſition; ever ready to do Good, and to relieve the Wants of the Diſtreſt to the utmoſt Extent of his Fortune.

He was well verſed in *Aſtronomy* and *Natural Philoſophy*, had a Taſte for *Muſic* and *Poëtry*, was a good *Critic*, and a Maſter of the *Claſſics*. Yet with all theſe Accompliſhments (ſo great was his Modeſty!) his Name was ſcarce known but to a few ſelect Friends. Among theſe, however, he thought himſelf happy that he could number the late Mr. JOHN HUGHES, Dr. WILLIAM HARRIS, Dr. ISAAC WATTS, &c.

He had ſuch a Diffidence of his own Performances, that he never publiſhed above Two or Three Sermons; and Thoſe

Thoſe were in a manner extorted from him by the Importunity of the Congregation. The Reader will not therefore be diſpleaſed to find here a Specimen of his Turn and Addreſs in Preaching. The following Paſſages from his *Manuſcript* Sermons will be ſufficient to give ſome Idéa of it.

The different Effects of an Arbitrary and a Free Government: In a Sermon preach'd ſoon after the Author's Return from a Journey to Paris.

" We may obſerve therefore, here, the Difference be-
" tween a Free People and a Nation of Slaves.

" In Countries that are Free, you may diſcern a Face
" of Riches and an Air of Felicity amongſt the meaneſt
" of the People; and wherever you go, you obſerve the
" ſenſible Effects of Trade and Commerce encouraged
" and ſecured. Every Spot of Ground is improved: The
" Valleys are raiſed; the Hills are levell'd; the crooked
" Places are made ſtrait, and the rough are planed;
" Bounds are even ſet to the raging Ocean; and a Lake or
" Marſh becomes a rich and various Paradiſe of Pleaſure.
" The Land is thick ſet with Cities every Hour of the
" Journey; and the Cities crowded with Inhabitants,
" while the Traveller, equally pleas'd and aſtoniſhed, won-

" ders

" ders by what ſecret Mines of Treaſure, or by what Force " and Magic of Policy, ſuch vaſt Numbers are ſupported " and maintained in ſo narrow a Compaſs; nor only " maintained, but capable of diſpenſing and communi- " cating from their own exuberant Wealth to all the " Country round about 'em, that at once feeds, and is " fed by them. On the other hand, in Kingdoms un- " der the Power of Arbitrary Government, you ſee al- " moſt nothing but a general Appearance of Poverty and " Miſery; nothing but Rags and Nakedneſs, Beggary and " Deſolation from one End to the other; 'till you come " to One proud City, the Court and Seat of the Ty- " rant, which devours all the Wealth of the Land, and " builds it's own Greatneſs and Magnificence on the Cala- " mity of many Provinces and whole Kingdoms, whoſe " Treaſures are drain'd to raiſe and ſupport it. And, there- " fore, as *Europe* is the Seat of Liberty, we ſee alſo that " it is the Seat of Power and Riches Superior to all the " reſt of the World, and that, by this ſingle Advantage, " the ſmalleſt, the moſt bleak, barren, and ragged Por- " tion of the Earth is rendered preferable to all the Na- " tive Riches of the wider and more fertile *Eaſt*.

" And thus it will ever be, where every Man is ſecure " that he toils for himſelf, that the Stranger ſhall not de-

vour

"vour his Labours, and that the ſame Laws which guard
"the Prerogative of the Prince or the Power of the Magi-
"ſtrate, are the Guardians alſo of the Liberties and Proper-
"ties of the People. For the reſt, even the Wiſdom of a
"SOLOMON could not join together the Luxury of a Court
"and the Felicity of the People. He made Silver and Gold,
"indeed, like the Stones in the Streets of *Jeruſalem*; and
"yet, in the midſt of all theſe Riches, Want and Poverty
"were the wretched Portion of his Subjects in the remoter
"Parts of his Kingdom."

From a Funeral Sermon, occaſion'd by the Death of a promiſing Youth. The Text 1 PETER i. 24 and 25.

All Fleſh is as Graſs, and all the Glory of Man as the Flower of Graſs. The Graſs withereth, and the Flower thereof falleth away:
But the Word of the Lord endureth for ever.

"If then all the richeſt Endowments of the MIND, and
"all the moſt promiſing Advantages of the BODY are thus
"frail and uncertain, it follows of Neceſſity, that

3*dly*, "Such alſo muſt be all thoſe Graces, thoſe name-
"leſs and inexpreſſible Graces, which are the Reſult of

" a happy Mixture and Combination of both; and which " accompany every Motion and Action; the Look and the " ſilent Deportment of a lovely Body, which is informed " and acted by a beautiful Mind. And even the Virtues of " the Mind itſelf receive an additional Grace and Power to " charm us, when they ſhew themſelves in a beautiful Body. " But then, 'tis a juſt Remark which ſome have made, that " the true Complexion is wont to diſcover itſelf more in the " *Air* than in the *Features* of the Body. We receive the " general Shape and Lineaments of the Body, ſuch as the " Author of our Being hath been pleaſed to mould it; but " the Soul itſelf deſcribes and gives us, in the Air of every Fea- " ture, it's own inward Sentiments, Diſpoſitions, and Habi- " tudes: And, as it were, touches over all the Lines anew, " brightens or mellows every Colour, works off every Ble- " miſh and Deformity, and improves the Whole with " new Charms and Graces.

" And I believe there are very few who have not made " the Obſervation, that there is, in the very Countenances " of ſome Perſons, ſuch an honeſt Openneſs, ſuch a beauti- " ful Simplicity, ſuch an ingenuous Modeſty, and ſuch a " viſible Sweetneſs of Temper and Manners, as ſteals, at firſt " Sight, into the Heart of the Beholder, and prepares us " to give 'em a ready and a pleaſing Reception. And that

" theſe

" theſe Endowments have a more irreſiſtible Power to pre-
" poſſeſs and bias the Judgment, in favour of younger Per-
" ſons, who are not wont to diſguiſe their inward Sentiments
" and Diſpoſitions, and to put on the Colours and Imita-
" tions of Virtues, which they have not in Reality.

" Theſe Advantages then, wherever they are found in
" any lovely Youth, add indeed to the BEAUTY of the
" Flower, but not therefore to the PERMANENCY of it."

The Vanity of endeavouring to perpetuate our Memory in this World.

" In vain the laborious Maſter painted, (as he ſaid) for
" ETERNITY: In vain the ſkilful Statuary inſcrib'd his
" Name, or inwrought with admirable Contrivance his
" own Image into That of ſome Divinity which he carved
" in Stone, to tranſmit his Memory to lateſt Poſterity:
" The Colours are long ſince faded; the Stone is moul-
" der'd; or ſome rude Hand has defac'd and daſh'd it to a
" thouſand Pieces, without Remorſe or Senſe of th' inimi-
" table Beauty.

" In vain the proud *Egyptian* Tyrants endeavoured to
" raiſe a Monument of their Power and Greatneſs, which

" might laſt as long as the Earth itſelf: The Pile, indeed, " ſtands; but the Name of the mighty Builder has been, " many Ages ſince, forgotten: And as for all the reſt of " the boaſted Wonders of the World, the very Ruins of " them are loſt and buried, and no Trace remains to ſhew " us where Once they ſtood!"

Some of the *Moral* Parts have been here only quoted from the *Sermons*, as ſeeming moſt ſuitable to the preſent Occaſion.

Mr. SAY died, after a Week's Illneſs, of a Mortification in the Bowels, on the twelfth Day of *April*, 1743, and in the 68th Year of his Age. His whole Life was a fair Tranſcript of the Doctrine he taught, and he left this World with a full Conviction of thoſe important Truths, which he had ſo long and ſo pathetically impreſt on the Minds of Others, and with an entire Reſignation to the Divine Will, ſupported by the Hopes of future Glory.

I ſhall take Leave of this amiable Man in the Words of BROUKHUSIUS, addreſt to the Memory of his learned Friend GRÆVIUS. Among the Modern *Latin* Poëts, BROUKHUSIUS was Mr. SAY's Favourite; and the following

ing

ing Lines expreſs the Editor's Own Sentiments in the moſt lively manner:

Cum tamen hoc eſſes, te Nemo modeſtius umquam
Eſt uſus magni dotibus ingenii.
Mitis eras, ac pacis amans, animique quietem
Mens tua ventoſis laudibus antetulit.
Non tua fuſcabant infames otia rixæ:
Integer, et niveo pectore purus eras.
Civibus ô gaude jam nunc adſcripte beatis:
Gaude ſidereum civis adepte larem.
O quem purpureo nova lumine gloria veſtit,
O cui cœleſtes fas habitare domos:
Cantus ubi felix, & ſine carentia ſemper
Gaudia, & ad dulces nablia nata modos!
Salve ſancte Pater, nitidi novus incola Olympi,
Et noſtro ſemper mactus amore, Vale.

-----Such was thy Life; thy Learning ſuch confeſt;
An humble Heart, with native Genius bleſt!
Lover of *Peace*, *Peace* did thy Footſteps guide
With more Content, than the tumultuous Tide

Of

Of loud Applauſe can give----No Angry Striſe
Ruffled the Tenor of thy Even Life.
Thy fair Example ſhone with mildeſt Light,
Pure as the falling Snow's Unſullied White!----
In purple Radiance clad, to Thee are giv'n
Manſions of Bliſs; a Deniſon of Heav'n!
Where Joys on Joys in endleſs Circles move;
Where Saints, alternate, warble ſacred Love,
And, join'd with Angels in One tuneful Choir,
Touch to their MAKER's Praiſe, the Golden Lyre!----
Hail holy Father, New Adopted Gueſt
Of ſtarry Realms!-----ſtill in My grateful Breaſt
The Dear Remembrance of thy Name ſhall reſt.

April 6, 1745. WM. DUNCOMBE.

POST-SCRIPT.

Mrs. SAY, the Author's worthy Relict, ſoon follow'd him to the other World. She *fell aſleep* (for ſo it may be juſtly ſtiled, ſince ſhe died of a *Lethargy*, without any

any ſenſible Pain,) on the 9th of *February* 1744-5, and in the 71ſt Year of her Age.

They were lovely and pleaſant in their Lives, nor in their Death were they long *divided.*

The Subſcribers are oblig'd to Mr. RICHARDSON for the fine Head of MILTON, prefix'd to the *Eſſay* on the Numbers of PARADISE LOST, who lent the Plate etch'd by himſelf, to be uſed on this Occaſion.

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Joſhua Seddon, *two Books.*
Samuel Seddon, *Attorney at Law, four Books.*
John Seddon, *two Books.*
Mrs. Martha Seddon, *four Books.*
Stuart, *four Books.*
Smith, *jun. of* Denton.
Evelyn Smith.
Miſs Sheaf, *two Books.*
Mrs. Elizabeth Say.

T.

Richard Turner, *of* Frampton, *Eſq;*
Michael Thircle, *of* Ipſwich, *Eſq;*
—— Thorowgood, *Eſq;*
Rev. Mr. Tingey.
Tapps.
Taylor, *of* Norwich.
Tozer.
Mr. Nicholas Thompſon.
Joſeph Tiley.
William Taylor.
Jacob Tonſon.
Richard Tonſon.
William Tatnall.
Thirkle, *two Books.*
William Taylor.
Thomas, *two Books.*

U.

Mr. Henry Unwin.

Mr.

Mr. Thomas Unwin,
Edward Utting.

V.

Mrs. Venterous, *of* Ipſwich.

W.

His Excellency the Baron de Waſner, *Miniſter from the Queen of* Hungary, *four Books.*
Sir Benjamin Wrench, *M. D.*
—— Wright, *M. D.*
Col. John Wimple, *of* Harwich.
Antony Walbury, *Eſq;*
Rev. Dr. Iſaac Watts, *two Books.*
Rev. Mr. Withinſon.
Wilkinſon, *of* Kibwort.
Wood, *of* Woodbridge.
John Weſley, *M. A. Fellow of* Lincoln-College, Oxford.
Rev. Mr. Wood, *of* Swefland.
Mr. Thomas Wright, *two Books.*
Neal Ward, *two Books.*
James Ward, *of* Yarmouth, *two Books.*
Iſrael Wilkes.
Cornway Whithorn.
Francis Warren.
Matthew Wealy.
John Woodcock.
John Wilkinſon.
Abraham Wells.
Mrs. Elizabeth Wright.
Wilſon.
Sarah Wilder, *of* Ipſwich.
Wells.
Rebecca Willſhaw.

THE

THE

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ERRATA.

Page 23, Line 8, read *bought.* Page 112, Line 16, in the Note, read *unqueſtionably.*

EPISTLES

EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.
IN
BLANK VERSE.

----------Sermoni propiora.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST EPISTLE of the Firſt Book.

MÆCENAS *having often kindly upbraided* HORACE *with his Indolence in not ſending him* Lyric *Verſes, the Poet writes This Epiſtle by way of Apology: In which he tells him, that Thoſe Amuſements, which were the Diverſion of his Youth, have Now, in his Maturer Age, loſt all their Charms, and given place to more important Enquiries; and that he has no Reliſh for any thing but* Moral Philoſophy, *which Alone can regulate our Manners, and guide us to* Happineſs.

He ſhows the great Advantages This Philoſophy procures, by teaching us how deſtructive Avarice *and* Ambition *prove to the Peace and Quiet of our Own Breaſts: And afterwards taxes That* Fickleneſs of Temper, *which hinders us from knowing our own Good, and ſtrenuouſly adhering to it; And gives a lively Deſcription of the abſurd Conduct of men in reproving their Friends for an* Aukward Dreſs, *while they overlook their* Follies *and* Vices.

At the Concluſion he draws the Character of a Wiſe Man, *according to the Principles of the* Stoics, *with a Touch of humorous Ridicule on the Extravagant Pretenſions of That Sect.*

HORACE,

Book the First, Epistle the First.

To *MÆCENAS.*

BELOV'D Mæcenas, whom my Earlieſt Muſe
Addreſt, my Laſt ſhall ſing; you call in vain
Me to my youthful Studies. With my Years
Declines that ſprightlier Vigour. Long enough,
Like ſome fam'd Champion on the Theatre,
Have I been ſeen. It is but fitting Now
To grant me a Diſcharge: The brave Vejanius
(His Arms in great Alcides' Temple hung)
Himſelf lies buried in a Country Life;
Wiſely, leſt wonted Strength decay'd diſgrace
His ancient Honours; on the fartheſt *Cirque*
Imploring Pity with upliſted Hands.
A ſecret Voice whiſpers, Releaſe in time

The batter'd Horſe, leſt, worn with Age, he tire
In the mid Race, or broken-winded pant
Along the Downs, the Laughter of the Crowd.
Verſe therefore now and Trifles I diſcard:
But what is True and Fitting, This I ſeek;
On This revolve.---My ſole Employment This,
To hoard up Moral Rules to guide my Life.
But if you aſk, what School I'm of; what Sect
I follow? Sworn to No Man's Sentiments,
Where-e'er the Tempeſt hurries me, I drive.
An active Stateſman now, I plúnge into
The Sea of Buſineſs, rigidly Severe,
Of ſtricteſt Virtue: Now ſteal back again
To ARISTIPPUS' Tent, and make the World
Subject to Me, not Me a Slave to That.
Long is the Day to Labŏrers; the Year
Long to impatient Wards; and Long to Me
The Time that checks my great Deſign, the Work
Which thro' all States, thro' Every Age of Life,
Alike concerns us, Young; concerns us, Old;
The common Intĕreſt of Rich and Poor.

Mean

Mean while, with theſe rude Elĕments, as I can,
I form My-ſelf, and ſolace my Defects,
Till Leiſure give me Better---Who forbears
To clear his dimmer Sight, becauſe he hopes not
For LYNCEUS' piercing Eyes? or, in deſpair
Of GLYCON's Strength, neglects t'expell the Gout
From Feet or Hands? What if we may not reach
The Pitch of ancient Worthies? A Degree,
Tho' ſhort of Theirs, will yet deſerve our Pains.
The ſecond Victor at the Goal bears off
The ſecond Prize: And, if we can no farther,
'Tis yet ſome Honour to have gone ſo far.
Does Jealouſy of Want, or real Need,
Or Thirſt of Wealth Inſatiable, torment
Your fickly Thoughts? Soft Words may be apply'd,
Lenient of Grief, with Power to cure, or eaſe
The Fever of your Soul. Does Luſt of Praiſe
Immoderate, or impotent Deſire
Of Empire, boil in your tumultuous Breaſt?
Some grave Diſcourſe, with well-purg'd Eyes thrice read,
Will calm the Tempeſt, and compoſe your Mind.

Envious, or Slothful, Paſſionate, a Sot,
Or Lover? There is None ſo wild a Beaſt,
But may be tam'd by Diſcipline, if once
He lend to wholſome Words a willing Ear.
'Tis Virtue to ſhun Vice; and to renounce
Folly, the Firſt Step to Wiſdom. Behold!
With what huge Toils of Body and of Mind
You anxiouſly endeavour to avoid
Diſgrace and *Poverty*; in Your Eſteem
The Worſt of Evils. For a little Gain
Eager, thro' Sands, Rocks, Storms and Calentures,
And all the Dangers of the Sea you run,
Fearleſs, to th' utmoſt *Indies*——To remove
Your falſe Opinions, and to cure your Soul
Of its fond Wiſhes, will you not ſo much
As liſten to Inſtruction, and attend
At *Wiſdom*'s Door?---Who, that may win the Prize
With Honour at th' *Olympics*, and receive
The Crown from all-applauding *Greece*, wou'd chuſe
To wreſtle in a Country-Ring, and boaſt
His brawny Strength before admiring Clowns?

To

To Silver Braſs, Silver to Gold, and Gold
To VIRTUE yields, in *Reaſon*'s Balance weigh'd.
Oh! Citizens, Firſt *Money*'s to be ſought;
After That, *Virtue*. In the *Forum*, This
Is the perpetual Cant. This, Old and Young
Repeat, their Writing-Tables and their Bags
Under their Arms. If to the Sum requir'd by Law
Of *Seſterces*, but ſix or ſeven be wanting;
What! tho' You're Brave and Eloquent, of Life
Unblameable, You're a *Plebeian* ſtill,
Rankt with the Vulgar Throng.---The Children yet
Chaunt in the Streets at Play, *Do Right, and You*
Shall be a King.---Be This thy Wall of Braſs,
To know No Crime, to wear No Guilty Face!
Whether d'ye think is beſt, That *Roſcian* Law
Of *Rome* Degenĕrate, or This trite Song,
(Lov'd and admir'd by our great Anceſtors)
Which crowns the *Virtuous* with a Diadem?
Is His the better Counſel, who perſuades,
My Son, get Money; Money, if you can,
Juſtly; if not, get Money till you ſtand

Above the Crowd, a Knight or Senator:
Or His, who bids you own a generous Soul,
And with a lofty Brow and free Diſdain
Anſwer the Pride of Fortune and her Spite?
But if the *Roman* People aſk me---Why
I live not in the Same Opinions---As
In the Same Walls; nor with like Paſſion ſeek
What they purſue, nor what they ſhun, avoid;
The Anſwer that the crafty Fox return'd
To the ſick Lion, I apply to Them;
Becauſe I ſee the Print of Feet all tŏ *ye,*
None from ye: You're a Beaſt of many Heads,
All looking different Ways; which then, I pray,
Or whither ſhould I follow? Theſe engroſs
The Public Works *a-great*; while Others farm
The Cuſtoms; rent the Common Sewers. Some court
With trifling Preſents greedy Widows; Some
For Childleſs Miſers angle, who are caught,
Like Fiſh, with baited Hook. By Uſury,
A griping Kind, thrive Others. Thus are All
Engag'd a Several Way; and yet ſcarce One

Among

Among 'em All, that for a ſingle Hour
Affects the ſame, true to his firſt Deſires.
No Haven in the World, No Place excells
The pleaſant Baiæ, ſays a Wealthy Lord.
Cover'd with Workmen, ſtrait the *Lucrine* Lake
His Building Fury feels. Some ſudden Thought
Alters the Scheme: *To-morrow, Carpenters,*
Pack up your Tools, for I intend my Seat
At fair Theanum. Is the Genial Bed
Rear'd in his Chamber? *Oh! the Happineſs*
Of Batchelors! How bleſt th' Unmarried State,
Free from all Cares! If he be ſingle ſtill,
He ſwears, *the Wedded is the Only Life,*
And there's No Comfort like a Boſom Friend.
Where ſhall we find Bands ſtrong enough to hold
This changeful PROTEUS? Is the Poor Man then
More ſteady? No: He ſhifts his Lodgings, Beds,
Tables, Taylors and Baths: They All diſpleaſe him.
On Holy-days, when he on *Tyber* ſails
In a Hir'd Skiff, he is as Humourſom
As the Rich Lord in his Own Gilded Yacht.

Me if you meet with Hair uncouthly cut,
You ſcarce refrain from Laughing. A coarſe Veſt
Threadbare is ſeen beneath my finer Coat,
Ill-ſorted: From my Shoulders hangs my Cloak
Unequal to the Ground. You ſmile——But now
If my Opinions diſagree, and jar
Among Themſelves; If my ſtill-thwarting Paſſions
And oppoſite Deſires, now crave for This,
Now hate it: What but juſt before they wiſh'd,
Faſtidious ſtrait reject: What they refus'd
But the laſt Hour, now long for, while my Mind
Wars with itſelf inceſſantly: Here builds,
And There pulls down again: That Square muſt now
Be chang'd into a Round; That narrow Room
Enlarg'd; That low-pitch'd Cieling higher rais'd.
This is a ſober Madneſs; common This,
You deem, to All. You neither ſmile, nor ſend
Me to a Guardian, or the Doctor's Care.
Thus You, who quarrel with his ill-par'd Nails,
Neglect the real Vices, and o'erlook
The Follies of your Friend, who yet depends

To

To be advis'd by *You*, by *You* controul'd.
To ſum up All: The Wiſe Man is above
The World; Second to none but Jove; Rich, Free,
Great, Honourable, Fair----In ſhort, a King
Of Kings! Always in vigorous Health, but when
Too thoughtful Hours betray him to the Spleen.

15 *Octob.*
1698.

HORACE, Book I. Epiſt. 2.

To *LOLLIUS.*

The ARGUMENT.

HORACE *having read over in the Country the* Iliad *and* Odyſſey *of* Homer, *while Young* Lollius *was buſily employed in pleading at* Rome, *he takes occaſion from thence to lay before him in This Epiſtle the* Moral Inſtruction *to be drawn from That Noble Author; and ſhows the pernicious Effects of* Civil Diſcord, Envy, Avarice, Luſt, Debauchery *and* Paſſion.

He concludes with pointing out in few Words, of how great Importance it is to the Whole Courſe of Life to have the Principles of Virtue carefully inſtill'd in Youth, and while the Mind is tender and plyant.

WHILE You, my learned Friend, declaim at *Rome*,
I, in *Prænesté*'s cool Retirement, read
The Writer of the *Trojan* War, who ſeems,
All that is Fair or Good, or Right or Wrong,
More fully and exactly to define,
Than CRANTOR or CHRYSIPPUS. Why I thus
Believe, (if you are now at leiſure) Hear.

The

The Fable of the *Iliad*, in which
The Ten Years tedious War of *Greece* with *Troy*
T' avenge a lewd inhoſpitable Crime
Is told, contains the Quarrels and the Heats
Of fooliſh People and their fooliſh Kings.
ANTENOR counſels to remove the Cauſe,
And end the War. To this th' Adultĕrer
Denies to be compell'd. Sage NESTOR ſtrives
To ſooth ACHILLES' Rage, and reconcile
The fatal Strife 'twixt Him and AGAMEMNON.
One, *Love*; *Anger* alike enflames 'em Both.
Th' Effects of their Diſputes the *Grecians* feel,
And rue the Follies of their doating Chiefs.
Revenge, Sedition, Treachery, Anger, Luſt,
Reign uncontroul'd both in the Camp and City.
But then what Virtue and good Senſe can do,
And long Experience, taught by hard Aſſays,
Is in th' Example of ULYSSES ſhown,
Who, Conqueror of *Troy*, with deep Regard
Conſiderate, ſaw and weigh'd the different Manners
And different Governments of Men. And while

Careful,

Careful, he meditates his own Return
And his Companions, many a threat'ning Storm
He bore; tho' plung'd in Fortune's adverſe Waves,
With greater Luſtre riſing: nor the Charms
Of CIRCE, nor the SIRENS ſweeter Voice
Could change his Reſolution: Had he drunk
Intemperate, with his ſottiſh Company,
The Magic Cup, a Slave he muſt have Serv'd
To an Imperious Whore; Senſeleſs and Brute
Had liv'd a Dog Impure, or Filthy Swine.

We only ſtand as Cyphers on th' Account
Of Humankind, to fill the Number; born
Merely to Eat and Drink, and Eat again
In a continual Round. *We* are the Knaves,
PENELOPE's Suitors, and ALCINOUS' Court;
Th' Unmanly Youth, on Luxury of Dreſs
Laborioufly intent; *our* Only Joy
To ſleep till Noon, and with the warbling Harp
And flowing Bowl ſooth every anxious Care.

To cut your Throat, Thieves will at Midnight riſe:
And will you not Awake to ſave your Life?

If, while in Health, you cheriſh Sloth, you'll ſoon
Contract Inveterate Ills, which will require
More ſtrenuous Efforts to ſubdue: And then
Too late regret the Moments you have loſt.
Unleſs, ere Day-break, you demand a Lamp,
And ſome grave Author to engage your Thoughts
In the Purſuit of what is Juſt and Good,
You'll Wakeful pine with Envy or with Love.
If aught affect your Eye, you will not reſt
Till you remove the Cauſe: But when your Mind
Is dimm with Vice, will you poſtpone the Cure
For Length of Years? Dare to be Wiſe. Begin.
The Work is Half perform'd, that's well Begun.
He that delays this great Concern of Life
Is like the Clown, who at a River-ſide
Expecting ſtands till Dry-ſhod he may paſs
The flowing Stream, which will for ever flow.
We ſeek for Money, and a portion'd Wife,
One fit to fill the Houſe with lovely Boys.
Large Woods are fell'd; th' Uncultivated Soil
Tam'd with the Plough, t' encreaſe our growing Stock.

Why

Why ſhould *he* wiſh for More, who has e'en Now
Enough to anſwer frugal Nature's Wants?
Nor Houſe, nor Land, nor glittĕring Heaps of Gold,
Can chace a Fever from the Owner's Veins,
Nor Sorrow from his Soul. He firſt muſt gain
A healthy Body and a healthy Mind,
Ere he can taſte with Joy his hoarded Wealth.
A Houſe, or an Eſtate can no more pleaſe
The Man that Fears or Covets, than *ſweet Sounds*
The deafen'd Ear, *Pictures* the bleary Eye,
Or *Fomentations* eaſe the gouty Foot.
Unleſs the Caſk itſelf be pure, 'twill taint
Whatever you infuſe. Pleaſures deſpiſe;
For Pleaſure coſts too dear when bought with Pain.
The Miſer ſtill is Poor: Therefore confine
Your craving Wiſhes to ſome certain Bound.
Pale ENVY ſickens at her Neighbour's Health;
ENVY, the ſharpeſt Torture, worſe than All
Sicilian Tyrants ever could deviſe.
Who gives a Looſe to Rage, too ſoon will rue
Its fatal Courſe; with Horror wiſh Undone
What Paſſion prompted, while his hood-wink'd Hate,

Inſatiate, haſten'd to Revenge. " † Revenge,
" That Sweet at firſt, but Bitter in the end,
" Back on itſelf recoils, retorted."——Anger
Is a ſhort Madneſs. Moderate thy Mind;
For Paſſion will be Each man's LORD or SLAVE.
This thou muſt tame; *This* curb with Iron Bitt.
He that expects to breed a generous *Horſe*,
To Diſcipline muſt bend his yielding Neck
While he's a *Colt*. The *Whelp*, that in the Hall
At a Stuff'd Deer-Skin Early learnt to bark,
Now hunts the Woods a *Hound*—While You are Young,
Diſdain not to be taught; while yet your Brain
Is pliant to receive each obvious Form.
This is the Time: Attend to Wiſe Inſtruction.
Tread in the Paths the Ancient Sages trace,
While Now thy Soul from Stain of Vice is pure—
With whate'er Scent the Caſk is tinctur'd firſt,
The Same 'twill long retain——But if Behind
You loiter far, or ſtrenuous run Before,

I jogg on, my own pace; nor wait the Slow,
Nor ſtrive to reach Thoſe that beyond me go.

† MILTON.

HORACE, Book I. EPISTLE 6.

To *L. NUMICIUS PLANCUS.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Deſign of This Epiſtle is to ſhow, that we are widely miſtaken if we place our Happineſs in Riches, Honours, *or* Pleaſure; *that Every thing which excites in our Hearts* Fear *or* Deſire *muſt be fatal to our Peace; that* Surprize *and* Admiration *are the Sole Source of this* Fear *or* Deſire; *and, conſequently, that in order to get rid of the* Latter, *we muſt diſcard the* Former, *and keep our Minds ſo firmly poiſed as not to be diſconcerted by the* ardent Hope *of* Gaining, *or* anxious Dread *of* Loſing *any of Thoſe things which the Bulk of Mankind commonly doat on. But This* Evenneſs *of* Temper *is only to be acquired by the Study of* Moral Philoſophy, *and the Practice of* Virtue.

He enlivens the latter part of This Epiſtle with a pleaſant Story, to ſhow the Vanity of Gargilius, *a noted* Epicure *and Glutton.*

NOthing to admire ſeems the moſt likely thing,
To make us happy and preſerve us ſo.
The Sun and Moon, with all the Starry Train,
And the Succeſſive Seaſons of the Year,

There

There are who view, Untouch'd with Fear or Wonder.
What think you then of the rich Veins, that lie
Within Earth's Bowels; or the precious Pearls
Arabia's Gulph, or *Indian* Seas infold?
What of the Shouts, the Spectacles and Honours
Of favŏring *Rome*? Say, with What Eye, What Looks,
Should All theſe things be Courted, Seen, or Heard?
The Man who Fears the Oppoſites to Theſe,
Almoſt as much Admires, as he can do,
Who Covets them: Fear tortures each alike.
An Unforeſeen Event confounds 'em Both.
Whether he *joy* or *grieve*, *deſire* or *fear*,
'Tis ſtill the ſame, if, at the ſight of What
Riſes Above, or ſinks Beneath his Hopes,
He ſtands aghaſt, unknowing how to act.
The Wiſe man ſhould be deem'd a Fool, the Juſt
Unjuſt, if he purſues Virtue itſelf
Beyond what's fitting----Now, with doating Heart,
Go gaze on Marble Statues, Silver Urns,
And Brazen Tripods, wrought by *Grecian* Artiſts:
Or Purple Robes admire, adorn'd with Gemms.

Rejoice a Thouſand Eyes behold Thee pleading,
A Thouſand Thirſty Ears drink in Thy Words.
Haſte Early to the *Forum*, Late return
Active, leſt MUTIUS, with the ample Dower
He with his Wife receiv'd, ſhould larger Stores
Engroſs than You. What an Unſeemly thing,
That *He*, an Upſtart, and ſo Meanly born,
Should be *Thy* Envy, and not Thou be *His!*

All that lies hid in Earth, revolving Time
Will bring to Light; and cover deep in Shades
The Stately Wealth that now ſo gaily ſhines.

Grac'd as thou art with Honours well-deſerv'd,
And often ſeen, along the *Appian* Way
Paſſing in Pomp; Another Way remains,
Where NUMA and where ANCUS paſt before!

When Colicks wring your Bowels, ſhooting Pains
Torture your Loins, without Delay you ſeek
A Cure for the Diſeaſe--Would you live happy?
Who would not? But if This be VIRTUE's Gift,
Her Gift Alone; Be Nobly daring then
To ſcorn Delights, and follow VIRTUE's Lore.

But if you think VIRTUE an empty Name,
Nought but a Word, as holy Groves are Wood,
Let then no Ship prevent you, and foreſtall
The Market. Look to your Affairs. Advance
The Value of your Wines, the Price of Silks;
Heap up a Thouſand Talents: Add to Them
A Thouſand more: Another Thouſand yet
To Theſe: And then a Fourth to ſquare the Sum.
For why? a portion'd Wife, Fame, Credit, Friends,
Nobility, All-mighty MONEY gives;
Endows with Beauty, Senſe and Eloquence.
VENUS her-ſelf, and Soft PERSUASION wait,
Rejoicing to adorn the Wealthy Man.
The *Cappadocian* King is rich in Slaves,
In Money poor. More Noble follow Thou
Th' Example of LUCULLUS; Who, they ſay,
When aſk'd if he could lend a hundred Robes
To deck the Scenes: Whence ſhould I have, ſays he,
So many? Yet I'll try, and what I have,
Will ſend you ſtrait; a little after writes,
He had at home Five Thouſand; They might have

All,

All, or a Part---" Ill-furniſh'd is That Houſe,
" Where are No Superfluities, that 'ſcape
" The Maſter's Eye, and give his Servants Room
" To ſteal ſecure"---If MONEY, then, Alone
Can make you happy, and preſerve you ſo,
Be That your Firſt, be That your Laſt Deſign.
But if your Happineſs depends upon
The People's Favour, *Pomp* and *Pageantry*;
Then hire a Slave to whiſper in your Ear
The Names of rich and powerful Citizens,
Twitch the left Sleeve, and bid you lend your Hand
O'er Lumber in the Street: " This is a Perſon
' Of great Authority in the *Fabian* Tribe;
' This in the *Veline*: This an Active Man;
' To whom he will, he gives, or can deny
' The Conſul's *Faſces* and the Ivory Chair."
Then frankly call him, *Father*, *Son*, or *Brother*;
As is his Age, ſo Every One ſalute.
But if you think *good Cheer* and *ſumptuous Suppers*,
The Bliſs of Life; Then ſtudious ſeek All Means
To whet, and to regale your Appetite---

Light dawns; and GLUTTONY crys out; 'Away!
'Go rouze the Boar, or bait the tempting Hook."
Thus wont GARGILIUS. In the Morning, He,
Along the crowded *Forum*, led his Hounds,
Tended by Slaves, with Courſers, Toils and Spears:
At Night, returning with his Dogs and Train,
On a large Mule ſweating beneath the Load,
Brought home ſome monſtrous Boar, which he had bought,
The gazing People's Wonder---Let us bathe
Crude from a Feaſt, bloted with Food, nor heed
The CENSOR's Mark; careleſs of Decency
And Shame; ULYSSES' Vicious Crew, to whom
Their Native Country was not half ſo dear,
As lawleſs Pleaſures and forbidden Joy.

If, to conclude, you with MIMNERMUS think,
The Only Joy in life is *Love* and *Mirth*,
Be *Love* and *Mirth* the Buſineſs of your Life.

Farewell; reſt happy---If than This you know
Aught more Expedient, candidly impart:
Elſe be content to uſe Theſe Rules with Me.

TO

TO

Mr. *THOMAS GODFREY*,

Of HODEFORD in KENT.

In Alluſion to

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE the Fourth.

DEAR FRIEND, whom favŏring Providence allows
A fruitful Soil, that round a pleaſant Seat
Lies Various; Paſture, Arable or Wood;
A Plain with riſing Hills enclos'd: What now
Shall the divining Muſe ſuppoſe to' engage
Thy thoughtful Hours? Or in ſome Grove retir'd
Thou walk'ſt Unſeen; in Contemplation high
Rais'd up above the World, and ſeeſt beneath,
Compaſſionate, the Cares and fond Deſigns
Of reſtleſs Mortals, always in purſuit
Of what they always have; ſtill heaping up
Stores to be us'd, yet never uſe their Stores.
O blind of Heart! the Bliſs ye ſeek, Behold

Already

Already in your Hands!---Or elſe, with Eyes
Fix'd on ſome grave Diſcourſe, you Now perhaps
Conſult with Antient Sages how to guide
Your Life by Wiſdom's Rules, inquiring ſtill
What moſt beſeems the Good to' enquire.---Bleſt Man!
To whom thy wealthy Sire has left Enough,
Tho' with a Partial Hand; and God reveal'd
The Secret known to Few, to very Few,
That Half a Great Eſtate (as the wrong'd † Bard
To a greedy Brother ſung,) *is more than All.*
Happy! who well haſt learnt the precious Art
To value right his Gifts, and freely uſe
What God has freely ſent; nor wilt be bought
With rich Temptations to enſlave thy Hours,
And quit the Eaſe Heaven's Kindneſs has indulg'd.
What can the Careful Mother more requeſt
For her lov'd Son, than to be Wiſe and Good;
Able to ſpeak his Senſe? that vigorous Health
And public Fame and Favor may attend
A well-ſpent Life, and a neat Table, ſpread

† Hesiod.

With wholſome Food convenient? Tho' not Rich,
Yet never Poor. All beyond This is mere
Incumbrance, and the Wiſh of Fools, who toil
As if they were to raiſe a Stock To-day,
From which to ſpend for Ages! Wiſely You
Enjoy the preſent Bleſſings, and depend
On Heaven for What ſhall be. This Hour, You think,
May prove your Laſt; And hence To-morrow's Sun
As Unexpected will more Grateful riſe.

17 *Novemb.*
1698.

LOVE-VERSES:

Chiefly written in the Year 1701.

----------Semel insanivimus Omnes.

LOVE-VERSES:

Chiefly written in the Year 1701.

ELEGY.

In Imitation of

OVID, AMORUM I. ELEGY the Second.

WHY am I thus, of late, uneaſy grown?
Why thus Aſide my beſt-lov'd MILTON thrown?
Why only WALLER, ſoft TIBULLUS pleaſe?
Why can their Verſe alone afford me Eaſe?
Whate'er I do, and whereſoe'er I go,
What Ghoſt is This, that haunts my Fancy ſo?
Why do my eager Thoughts ſtill fixt retain
CECILIA's pleaſing Image in my Brain?
Why does her Picture, in the ſilent Night,
Wander in aëry Shapes before my Sight?
While her Dear Form viſits my wakeful Head,
Reſtleſs I lie tho' on a Downy Bed.
Why do deep Sighs, attending on *her* Name,
Some inward Grief to prying Friends proclaim?
Why do I thus, while lonely here I rove,
Wear out long Evenings in this ſecret Grove?

This

This ſecret Grove, whoſe Venerable Shade
Seems for the Haunt of ſacred Wood-nymphs made,
Beneath whoſe Covert, They, in Arbŏrous Bow'rs
And ſweet Retirement, paſs their happy Hours.
Here, in its deep Receſſes, penſive I
Wander Alone, decline All Company;
Still Melancholy; ſtill in Tears am found;
Yet know no Reaſon of the hidden Wound——
LOVE I deſpiſe. Well-guarded is This Breaſt;
Too ſtrongly arm'd, by LOVE to be oppreſt;
A Paſſion Weak, which *Men* with Eaſe controul,
Nor dares to dwell but in a *Woman*'s Soul.
A Thouſand times I all its Arts have try'd,
A Thouſand times have all its Force defy'd.
A Boy at beſt the fooliſh God they feign;
And a *Boy*'s Arms attempt a *Man* in vain.
Or grant him Strength, yet ſurely I ſhou'd know
When firſt th' Aſſault was made, and ſee my Foe.
Or ſteals he in with Undiſcernĕd Art,
And works Unſeen, till he has gain'd the Heart?
'Tis ſo: With LOVE I find my Soul poſſeſt;
I find the fatal Cauſe, why I no more can reſt.

Shall

Shall we then ſtrive, my Soul, or tamely yield,
As Cowards baſely leave th' Unfoughten Field?
I yield; nor vainly urge the Pow'rs Above:
Light is the Burden of a willing Love.
The Rebel Lover pays for his Diſdain,
Forc'd to ſubmit to LOVE, tho' he refuſe thy Reign:
But Thoſe a Milder Government obey,
Who readily confeſs Thy Sovereign Sway.
See! I confeſs—Thy willing Subject, LOVE;
I own thy Empire, and thy Power approve.
Go; thy ſoft Curls in Myrtle Wreaths infold:
And bind thy flowing Locks, reſtrain'd in Rings of Gold.
Go; Yoke thy *Mother*'s Birds; her Turtles joyn;
And MARS's ſhining Car, thy *Father*'s Seat, be Thine!
High in his Throne thy Deity ſhall ſtand,
And thence, with wondrous Art, the willing Doves command.
Here Captive Youths, There Captive Maids be led;
And All, with pleaſing Awe, the GOD of LOVE ſhall dread.
My-ſelf, thy lateſt Conqueſt, will be There;
Freſh in my panting Breaſt the bleeding Wounds appear.
Juſt oppoſite to Me, a lovely Maid
Shall dart an Amorous Glance, with Amorous Glance repaid.

On

On her fair Form I feaſt my greedy Eyes,
While Joys Ecſtatic in my Soul ariſe:
And as the glittĕring Pomp ſhall move along,
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound thro' all th' applauding Throng.
Here *Hope*, here *tender Thoughts*, and *ſoft Deſire*,
And *gentle Sighs* that fan the Lover's Fire,
Thy faithful Guard, thy dear Companions wait,
And the Proceſſion grace in Regal State.
There *Jealouſy*, *Unkindneſs* and *Diſdain*,
And *Modeſty*, tho' loth, ſhall wear thy Chain;
There REASON, ſtruggling and reluctant, ſtalks,
A Captive proud, and much againſt Thee talks;
Aſſerts Himſelf Supreme; without Controul;
And claims the rightful Empire of the Soul;
With Indignation ſcorns wild Paſſion's Sway,
And boaſts that All *his* Sceptre ſhall obey.
But as a Slave, to follow Thee compell'd,
In vain he boaſts while in Thy Fetters held.

See! VENUS from Above, like the firſt bluſhing Morn,
Opens the ſmiling Skies, thy Triumphs to adorn:
Her Eyes encreaſe the Glories of the Day;
And Show'rs of heavenly Roſes ſtrow th' Imperial Way.

Thus thro' the World, acknowledg'd Sovereign ride;
Thy Chariot All of Gold, on Golden Wheels ſhall ſlide.
From thy rais'd Hand ſhall fly the conquering Darts,
And Thouſand Wounds inflict in Thouſand bleeding Hearts.
Great BACCHUS thus Victoriouſly purſu'd
An impious Race, and thus his Foes ſubdu'd;
He by fierce *Tigers* drawn, Glorious to ſee!
Yet e'en thy *Doves* more Dreadful render Thee:
Each God can boaſt, he made large Empires bow;
The fartheſt *India* He, the *Whole Creation* Thou!

To a LADY working a Flower'd Petticoat for *CECILIA.*

BLEST Garment, that ſhall thoſe ſoft Limbs enfold,
Proud of thy flowing Train and mingled Gold:
And bleſt the Hands, whoſe artful Fingers form
The Myſtic Stories which that Robe adorn!
Oh! had but Nature more my Make refin'd,
And with the Man the Female Softneſs join'd;
Then undiſtinguiſh'd might my Shape remain,
Like THETIS' Son amid the Virgin Train:
Then for her Wear my Needle ſhould have wrought
Embroider'd Figures by my Paſſion taught.
LOVE wou'd direct my artleſs Hands, and guide
The ſlender Thread thro' the fine Woof to ſlide.
Here I, my Sex conceal'd, the gentle Fire,
Would into her Unwary Breaſt inſpire,
While near me the bright Dame (affected Pride
And modeſt Virgin-Bluſhes laid aſide)

In native Innocence Secure ſhou'd ſtand,
Commend my Labors, and approve my Hand.
What nor my Pen, nor fault'ring Tongue cou'd dare,
The bolder Needle, Fearleſs, ſhou'd declare;
And the dumb Shadow's ſilent Voice proclaim
My humble Love, and court the haughty Dame.

EPIGRAM: From CATULLUS.

ODI & Amo: quâne id faciam ratione requiris?
Neſcio----Sed fieri ſentio, & excrucior.

I Love thee, and I Hate thee----How I do,
I know not---but, with Torment, feel 'tis true.

The COMPLAINT: From CATULLUS.

Si qua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
Eſt homini, quum ſe cogitat eſſe pium, &c.

I.

IF there be Pleaſure to a Virtuous Man,
When he reflects upon his Actions paſt;
His Piety, his Truth, and All that can
Approve to Heaven; Juſt, Holy, Sober, Chaſte;

II.

Then many Joys are yet laid up in Store
For Thee, my Soul, tho' wretched now in Love:
And She, perhaps, her Falſeneſs ſhall deplore,
And feel from Others what for Her I prove.

III.

All that a Friend or faithful Lover may,
That Thou haſt done to Serve her, or to Pleaſe;
All which forgetful Winds bear ſwift away;
And thy Barque founders in the flattĕring Seas.

IV.

Why then ſhou'd'ſt thou torment thy-ſelf, my Mind,
And not with Equal Obſtinacy ſtrive
Some ſtubborn Cure for hopeleſs Love to find?
Heaven will aſſiſt, and kindly bids thee live.

V.

'Tis hard indeed long Paſſion ſoon to quell;
A Taſk ſevere; but think it muſt be done:
Be bold the mighty Miſchief to expell;
The Work is half-perform'd that's well begun.

VI.

Ye Pow'rs! (for wretched Man is ſtill *Your* Care,
And human Miſeries *Your* Pity move)
Oh! eaſe the bitter Anguiſh of Deſpair,
And free my Soul from this diſtracting Love.

VII.

I aſk not ſhe ſhou'd Love for Love return,
Or her Inconſtant Thoughts to One confine;
But quench the raging Fire in which I burn,
And ſince *her* Flames are dead, extinguiſh *mine*.

Hæc Illa una---lachrymula OMNIA *diluebat; et Ego cecini hanc Palinodiam:*

The RETRACTATION.

The RETRACTATION.

I.

THUS good CATULLUS wou'd, of old, relieve
Th'uneaſy Tumults of his troubled Breaſt;
And ſtrove with Verſe his Sorrows to deceive,
And charm the Cares, that charm'd yet know no Reſt.

II.

Too falſe *his* LESBIA, and his Love too ſtrong,
That ſtill purſu'd in vain the treachĕrous Maid,
To whom nor Love nor Goodneſs did belong,
But with Inconſtancy his Truth repaid.

III.

Forgive my Folly, if th'afflicted Muſe,
Not led by Hate, but tortur'd with Deſpair,
Too raſhly did *thy* purer Faith accuſe,
And thought *my* LESBIA cou'd like *his* forſwear.

The DREAM: Addreſſed to MORPHEUS.

I.

O Thou! that with thy drowſy Wand
Canſt wakeful Eyes to Reſt command,
Suſpend the Lover's anxious Care,
And make a Truce with black Deſpair;

II.

While thy Mimic Pow'r, of Shapes
Numberleſs, that in the Cells
Of the buſy Fancy dwell,
Pleaſing Dreams and Viſions makes:

III.

Tell me from what glorious Store
Thou haſt brought the richeſt Form
That did ever Night adorn,
Or viſit Sleeping Minds before.

IV.

So like ‡ BELPHOEBE, ſo Divine
Did the beauteous Image ſhine,
Wretched ‡ TIMIAS thought him bleſt;
---Of the heavenly Dame poſſeſt.

V.

Sweet it look'd, and ſo it ſmil'd
As when firſt th' indulgent Maid
My unwary Heart beguil'd,
And to fatal Love betray'd.

VI.

SLEEP! why ſhou'd'ſt Thou thus deceive
One too eaſy to believe?
Why with His vain Hopes conſpire
To flatter Thus his fond Deſire?

VII.

Rather let him ſee Diſdain
In her angry Looks appear;
In her Eyes the Tokens clear
Of ſad Reſolves t' encreaſe his Pain.

VIII. Let

‡ See SPENSER's Fairy Queen, Book III. Canto V; and Book IV. Canto VII and VIII.

VIII.

Let ſome hated Ghoſt, whoſe Pride
Thouſand hapleſs Souls have ſigh'd;
That knows to frown; put on the Face,
And BELPHOEBE's borrow'd Grace.

IX.

Bid the haughty Shadow come,
(In her Voice and in her Mien
An Unuſual Fierceneſs ſeen)
Sternly to pronounce his Doom.

X.

Then, perhaps, from hopeleſs Love
Thou his wretched Mind may'ſt move;
Or thy Brother DEATH releaſe,
Whom in vain *You* ſtrive to eaſe.

XI.

But if the Hand, that ſhou'd ſave,
Never will the Cure apply,
Let him then ſleep in his Grave;
Let a Wretch deſpair and die!

XII.

But if *You* with pow'rful Art
Can ſoften Minds, and change the Thought;
That BELPHŒBE may be brought
To ſigh, and love, and feel my Smart:

XIII.

Then may oft ſuch Dreams return,
When in Mutual Fires we burn;
Till our Hands and Hearts ſhall join,
And I ſhall Ever call Her Mine!

To *CECILIA:* From HITCHIN.

I.

IN thouſand Thoughts of Love and Thee,
Reſtleſs I wake the tedious Night;
And wiſh the Day; as if the Day
Cou'd Comfort bring as well as Light.

II. Then

II.

Then walk the Fields: the cheerful Birds
With early Song ſalute the Morn;
Each with his Mate: while I Alone
Wander, deſpairing and forlorn.

III.

Ceaſe, ceaſe your Notes, ye Birds of Joy;
And let the Mournful Nightingale,
That loves to weep, prevent the Spring,
And tell her Grief in Every Vale!

IV.

I'll weep with Her, and tell My Woes:
We Both together will complain;
Of TEREUS She; and I of HIM
That tempts—But may He tempt in vain!

V.

This while I write, the gentle Winds
Diſperſe the Letters on the Ground;
Ah! may my Fears All vaniſh ſo,
As what I writ is no where found.

The NAMES cut in the Bark of a Tree in ELHAM Park in KENT.

TO THE TREE.

FAir BEACH, that bear'ſt our interwoven Names
Here grav'd, the Token of our mingled Flames,
Preſerve the Mark; and as thy Head ſhall riſe,
Our Loves ſhall heighten till they reach the Skies:
The Wounds in *Us*, as *Theſe* in *Thee* ſhall ſpread,
Larger by Time, and Fairer to be read.
Stand, Sacred Tree, Here ſtill Inviolate ſtand,
By no rude Axe profan'd, by no unhallowed Hand.
Be Thou the Tree of LOVE, and Here declare,
That once a Nymph was found as True as ſhe was Fair.

To

To a LADY with the Tragedy of AURENG-ZEBE. 11 *April*, 1698.

UNHAPPY AURENG-ZEBE! whom griev'd we find
By Sons Unnatural and a Sire Unkind.
Thy Zeal for *Him*, *He* little did regard,
And long refus'd thy Duty its Reward:
They, little Now, thy Piety approve;
Nor take Example by thy Filial Love.
Loyal, *Thou* fought'ſt a Father to defend;
But *They* thy Throne, Rebellious, wou'd aſcend.
With more than † Eighty toilſom Years oppreſt,
Thy Age is ſtill deny'd its needful Reſt.
For INDAMORA was thy Youthful Fear;
Now thy vext Kingdom does engage thy Care.
UNHAPPY AURENG-ZEBE! whom Heaven's Decree
Ordains from Troubles never to be free.
Yet let thy Sorrows now and conſtant Grief,
For ſome few Hours at leaſt, admit Relief:

† AURENG-ZEBE died in the Year 1708, Aged 91.

A Second INDAMORA hears thy Fate,
Concern'd She hears, and mourns thy wretched State;
Weeps at the Thought of thy imagin'd Death,
And curſes the baſe Hand that ſtopt thy Breath.
HAPPY! for whom thoſe precious Tears are ſhed,
Thoſe Balmy Drops, that might e'en raiſe the Dead!
As Dew on drooping Lillies, they revive
The fainting Breaſt, and bid the Dying live.
Heaven to accuſe, Great Prince! at length forbear;
All, All is paid by MELESINDA's Tear.

CASIMIR: Lib. II. Ode 3.

AD SUAM TESTUDINEM.

I.

SOnora buxi Filia ſutilis,
Pendebis altâ, Barbite, populo
Dum ridet aër, & ſupinas
Sollicitat levis aura frondeis.

Te

II.

Te ſibilantis lenior halitus
Perflabit Euri. Me juvet interim
Collum reclinâſſe, & virenti
Sic temerè jacuiſſe ripâ.

III.

Eheu! ſerenum quæ nebulæ tegunt,
Repentè cœlum! quis ſonus imbrium!
Surgamus. Heu ſemper fugaci
Gaudia præteritura paſſu!

TO HIS HARP:

In Imitation of the foregoing Ode of CASIMIRE.

I.

SOnorous DAUGHTER of the BOX!
On this high Poplar hang, my LYRE,
While Heaven thus ſmiles, and Vernal Airs
Play, wanton, with the Leaves.

II. Thy

II.

Thy trembling Strings a whiſpering Breeze
Soft ſhall attune; while I, beneath,
On this green Bank ſupinely lie,
Thus careleſsly diffus'd!

III.

The rilling Brook, that murmurs by,
Shall lull my Thoughts, till gentle Sleep
Seize Me; with pleaſing Golden Dreams
Of my CECILIA bleſt!

IV.

But ah!---What ſudden Clouds Above
Fly Shadowing! How dark the Air!
What Sound of clattering Hail I hear!
Riſe, luckleſs DAMON, Riſe.

How ſoon, alas! thy Joys decay!
How ſwift all Pleaſures haſte away!

POEMS

ON

MORAL and DIVINE SUBJECTS.

Quid Verum atque Decens, curo et rogo, et Omnis in hoc sum.
HOR.

POEMS

ON

MORAL and DIVINE SUBJECTS.

PSALM THE FIRST.

BLEST Man! whoſe ſteady Soul, to Vice
No Power can draw, no Charms entice;
Who ſhuns the Paths, where, on each Hand,
Deluding Pleaſures tempting ſtand;
And hates bold Sinners, who blaſpheme
The great JEHOVAH's awful Name.
GOD's righteous Law and Holy Word
To Him the ſweeteſt Joys afford:
Theſe ſtill his ſacred Thirſt allay,
And feed his raviſh'd Soul by *Day*;
Revolving Theſe with new Delight,
He charms the ſilent Hours of *Night*.
As Trees, that in rich Meadows grow,
O'er neighb'ring Streams their Branches throw
For ever green, and all the Year
Loaden with ſmiling Fruit appear:

So This Man flouriſhes, nor caſts
His Fruits, nor fears untimely Blaſts:
While Sinners and their vain Deſigns
Are toſt like Chaff, the Sport of Winds.
When GOD, as righteous Judge, ſhall come
To paſs on Man the final Doom,
They ſhall not ſtand before his Face,
Nor find among the *Juſt* a Place:
The *Juſt*, Immortal Joys attend,
In which the Ways of *Virtue* end,
While the ſmooth Paths that *Sinners* tread
To certain Death and Ruin lead.

A HYMN.

A HYMN.

I.

WHAT Holy, what Sincere Delights,
RELIGION does afford!
How Sweet to a refinëd Taſte,
Thy rich Proviſion, LORD!

II.

Honours let Others chace, and feed
Their ſtarving Souls with Air;
Or guilty and polluted Joys
With ſhort Deluſion ſhare.

III.

Let Mine be more ſubſtantial Bliſs!
Be Mine more ſolid Food!
My Heart to Nobler Heights aſpires,
And ſeeks th' ETERNAL GOOD.

IV. Let

IV.

Let Sons of Earth, the Duſt of Earth,
Its glittĕring Duſt admire:
Poor ſordid Minds purſue the Gains,
That ſuit a low Deſire.

V.

For Me—My God let Me poſſeſs;
This Treaſure ſhall ſuffice;
My Glory This, my Joy, my All!——
All elſe I can deſpiſe.

VI.

When on her high Original
My Heaven-born Soul reflects;
With a becoming Pride, the World
Diſdainful ſhe rejects:

VII.

Nor ſtoops to court theſe humble Goods,
So much beneath her State.
Such Condeſcenſion is too Low,
And She her-ſelf too Great.

VIII. When

VIII.

When blind with Sin, 'tis true, You once
All-lovely did appear;
But now to my Enlighten'd Eyes
You are no longer Dear.

IX.

Hence then this World and All its Joys;
Wealth, *Honours*, *Pleaſures*, Hence——
My Happineſs is All Above,
My Hopes are All from Thence!

Occaſion'd by the Tenth Ode of the Second Book of CASIMIRE.

BLEST in My-ſelf, the World I give
The *Ch---ds* and *D----bs* to poſſeſs;
Contented with my Mite, permit
The miſerable Rich
To enjoy their large, their countleſs Sums.

Let

Let them unlock the Iron Cheſt,
Nor fear to touch the hoarded Gold;
Hoarded for Heirs that ne'er ſhall riſe,
Or riſe, with laviſh Hand,
T' unearth the buried Store;
The Labour of a Life, defeated in an Hour!
Whom *Glory* raiſes to the Stars,
I nor enquire, nor know; but live
Retir'd within My-ſelf, and bar
My Door upon the World; yet dare,
Fearleſs of prying Eyes,
Permit Myſelf to Open View,
Bold, and ſecurely Confident
In conſcious Virtue!----Me the Muſe
Shall upwards bear, from whence Sublime
I'll ſcorn this Earth: Among the Gods,
Almoſt a God Myſelf,
(Refin'd, and rais'd by Influence Divine)
Familiar I converſe!
And what the Pow'rs command Above,
Will here, Below, in lofty Sounds rehearſe----

No Man, nor Me of Mortal Race
Deem Now, nor at old *Hampton* born,
Native of Heaven, tho' here a while I dwell;
Commiſſion'd from on high; deſign'd
The Scourge and Terror of Mankind;
In Vengeful Verſe to laſh
The flagrant Vices of the Age!
Me, with impatient Virtue fir'd,
Of Temper too Severe and Fierce,
The Fates, that made no PURPLE KING
In ROYAL LAZINESS to reign;
A LAURELL'D BARD, to puniſh Guilt, ordain!

1698.

DIE NATALI, 23° *Mar.* 1702.

WHether th' Immortal Mind came down to Earth
From higheſt Heaven to meet the timely Birth;
Or, from the Womb of Nothing, in that Hour,
Creäted firſt by Thy Almighty Power;

Thee, FATHER, Thee it ſeeks; to Thee returns,
Thy Pardon craves, and former Errors mourns.
Too long fond Paſſions o'er this ſlaviſh Soul,
Degenĕrate, have rul'd without Controul;
Degraded Now, with mortal Love poſſeſt,
With Love, that reſtleſs Tyrant of my Breaſt;
While baſely on this Earth my mean Deſires
Grovĕling are held in Chace of devious Fires,
That ſoon my erring Steps deceitful lead
Thro' ſlippĕry Paths, which None ſecurely tread.
Here, void of Reaſon's Conduct, void of Thought,
Senſeleſs of Danger, to ſome Steep I'm brought.
The Mount it ſeem'd where Paradiſe did ſtand,
Or whence my Eyes a *Canaan* might command:
I ſlowly labour up its aĕry Height
To reach my Bliſs: The neighbŏring Skies excite
My Diligence: But, lo! at top of All,
Scarcely ſuſtain'd, I totter to a Fall.
Th' amazing Precipice affrights my Eyes,
While, high Above, th' expected Heavens ariſe:
There, diſtant far, *Elyſium*'s fancy'd Plain,
Where Joy and Peace, Pleaſure and Plenty reign,

The

The better *Tempe*, my tranſported Sight,
(A beauteous Proſpect,) feeds with New Delight:
See there a cool Imaginary Grove,
To Silence Sacred, and Devote to Love:
In ſmiling Meads, There, with mild Sun-ſhine bleſt,
Near Silver Streams th' enchanted Lovers reſt.
Here *Happineſs* herſelf muſt ſurely dwell,
And the pure Air each anxious Thought repell.
But ſoon, alas! I find my Hopes all croſt,
While in ſome trackleſs Wilderneſs I'm loſt;
Or, into Bogs unpaſſable betray'd,
Plung'd in deep Mire my wandĕring Feet are laid.——
Inſtruct me, Heavenly Spĭrit; be Thou my Guide,
No more I'll ſtray, but ſtill by Thee abide,
Follow Thy Conduct, where Thou lead'ſt the Way,
Thro' this dark World to the bright Realms of Day.
See! ready now, (my Loins girt up,) I ſtand;
Prepar'd t' obey, I wait thy firſt Command.
In this my *Natal* Morn I now engage
To Thee, My-ſelf, my Verſe, and Hallow'd Rage.
To Thee I dedicate my purer Fire:
Purge Thou the Flames. Do Thou my Breaſt inſpire

With Nobler Thoughts, with Images Sublime,
Above the World, beyond th' Extent of Time:
By Thee I'll fly, and with unwearied Wing
Mount up, and as I mount ſtill louder ſing----
Louder, already ſounds my tuneful Voice,
Swells bolder Notes, and with more ſpritely Noiſe:
High in the Air, diſdainful of the Ground,
I ſoar aloft, midſt towĕring Eagles found,
There ſtrike my Harp, and ſhake the trembling Strings;
Muſic, divinely ſweet, Harmonious rings
Thro' all the Vault of Heaven, and thence rebounds,
Repeated from the Hills in glad redoubled Sounds.
O may I never, never hence deſcend!
But, like the Early Bird of Morn, ſtill bend
Upwards my aëry Flight from Earth, and raiſe
In worthy Song my great CREATOR's Praiſe;
His Praiſe, the only Subject of my Muſe
Henceforth, that now ſhall Genĕrouſly refuſe
All lower Themes. No more in artful Strains
CECILIA's Name ſhall charm the liſtĕning Swains:

Ev'n

Ev'n She, whom Impious once I did adore,
Of Heaven itſelf Negle&tful, Now no more
Shall fill my Numbers, which in juſter Verſe
The Great ETERNAL BEAUTY ſhall rehearſe.

CASIMIR: Lib. IV. Ode 23.

AD CICADAM.

O QUÆ populeâ ſumma ſedens comâ,
Cœli roriferis ebria lachrymis,
Et te voce, CICADA,
Et mutum recreas nemus:
Poſt longas hiemes, dum nimiùm brevis
Æſtas ſe levibus præcipitat rotis,
Feſtinos, age, lento
Soles excipe jurgio.
Ut ſe quæque Dies attulit optima,
Sic ſe quæque rapit! Nulla fuit ſatis
Umquam longa Voluptas;
Longus ſæpiùs eſt Dolor.

An

An EMBLEM of the SHORTNESS of HUMAN PLEASURE.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

LITTLE Inſect! that on high,
On a Spire of ſpringing Graſs,
Tipſy with the Morning-Dew,
Free from Care thy Life doſt paſs:

So may'ſt Thou, Companion ſole,
Pleaſe the lonely Mower's Ear;
And no treachĕrous winding Snake
Glide beneath, to work Thee Fear,

As in Chirping Plaintive Notes
Thou the haſty Sun doſt chide,
And with murmŭring Muſic charm,
Summer long with Us t' abide.

If

If a pleaſant Day arrive,
Soon the pleaſant Day is gone:
While we reach to ſeize our Joys,
Swift the Winged Bliſs is flown.

PAINS and SORROWS *dwell* with Us;
PLEASURE ſcarce a *Moment* reigns:
Thou thy-ſelf find'ſt *Summer* ſhort;
But the *Winter* long remains.

A HYMN.

I.

SING Glory to th' ETERNAL GOD!
Sing, Heaven and Earth, in ſweeteſt Lays;
Angels, begin the Noble Song,
Begin; We'll echo to his Praiſe.

II. Glory

II.

Glory to GOD on High! by whom
The whole Creation firſt was form'd;
Who fixt the ſolid Earth, and ſpread
The Skies, with Thouſand Stars adorn'd.

III.

Us of a finer Mould he fram'd,
With Comely Shape, Erect and Fair,
Of Mind Capacious, and in Worth
Above All Earthly Creatures far.

IV.

For This thro' all th' Angelic Hoſt,
Loud Gratulating Anthems ſound:
The Great CREATOR's Praiſe they ſing;
No Voice in Heaven is ſilent found.

V.

Above, with Notes Melodious, Thus
Thoſe bleſſed Spirits tune their Joys;
High is their Strain, too High for Us,
Too Strong for Mortals Weaker Voice.

VI. Yet

VI.

Yet ſhall our Hymn be thither heard,
Our Subject more, far more Sublime:
His Glories in the ‡ FILIAL GOD
Beheld, ſhall grace the lofty Rhime.

VII.

Earth was too Low, too Little Heav'n,
Alone Such Glories to contain;
" In Both, ſays GOD, my Glories ſhine;
" In Both, for ever honour'd reign.

VIII.

" United GOD and MAN be ſeen;
" The GOD, on Earth a Servant found;
" In Heaven Anointed King, the MAN
" At my Right Hand ſhall ſit Enthron'd.

IX.

" My Only Son, of Woman born,
" That Man may *live*, Accurſt ſhall *die*;
" Thus *Juſtice* bids, Severely Kind,
" That *Grace* may lift its Triumphs high.

‡ See *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book VI. ver. 722. Book VII. v. 175. & 585.

X.

If e'er our Tongues, Ingrate, forget
REDEEMING LOVE with Joy to raiſe,
May they for ever Silent prove,
Nor ſpeak till they have learnt to praiſe!

JONAH's PRAYER to GOD out of the *Fiſh*'s *Belly*; or, in his own Language, out of the *Belly of Hell*, or the *Grave*.

CHAPTER the Second.

I.

LORD! when Thy Wrath did juſtly riſe,
And Storms my Flight from Thee purſue:
When Guiltleſs Men the Self-condemn'd
Into the Sea, Unwilling, threw:

II.

Loſt in a Vaſt Sea-Monſter's Womb,
To what Diſtreſs my Soul was driv'n!
There *Conſcience* wak'd, and wak'd *Deſpair*;
And Groans from *Hell* were heard in *Heav'n*.

III. Th

III.

The Floods encompaſs'd me about,
Into the Depths of Ocean caſt;
And all Thy Billows and Thy Waves
With rôlling Terror o'er me paſs'd.

IV.

Yet haſt Thou brought me up to Life,
And from Deſtruction's Jaws didſt ſave,
Who trembling view'd the Realms of Death,
And Regions far below the Grave!

V.

Fools, their beſt Refuge, God forſake,
And to Vain Helpers fondly cry:
But when to Heaven I wing'd my Prayers,
The Hope of *Iſrael* ſoon was nigh.

VI.

Now with glad Hand and thankful Heart
I'll Offerings on Thy Altar lay;
And, Safe upon the Shore, to Thee
The Vows I made in Danger pay.

ISAIAH XII. Paraphraſed.

I.

LORD! I will praiſe Thy Wondrous Grace:
Tho' juſtly angry once, yet Now
Thou ſhew'ſt a Father's Face appeas'd,
And ſmil'ſt with reconcilĕd Brow.

II.

The *Terrors* of a GOD provok'd
Once my affrighted Soul did ſcare:
Thy *Comforts* Now revive my Thoughts;
And Peace aſſur'd forbids my Fear.

III.

My Saviour is th' ETERNAL GOD;
'Tis Here my Hopes Secure depend:
My Saviour and my Strength is He;
To Him my grateful Songs aſcend.

IV. Ye

IV.

Ye then who thirſt for Living Streams,
Streams that delight, and never cloy;
Come Satisfy Your Thirſt, and draw
From the rich Wells of Life with Joy.

V.

Refreſh'd, the bounteous Giver's Grace
Let every *Tongue* and *Voice* reſound;
And the kind Author's Praiſe be heard
Wherever *Voice* or *Tongue* is found!

VI.

Tell the whole World, what He has done:
Bid Senſeleſs Men exalt his Name;
And let remoteſt Nations hear,
Till Your glad Songs Their Songs enflame.

VII.

O SION, happy SION! ſhout,
For Great is He, the Holy One,
That in the midſt of Thee has plac'd
His Bleſt Abode, and fix'd his Throne.

The CONVERSION of St. *PAUL*: A HYMN on *Acts* ix. 6.

I.

WHEN *SAUL* of old, with Impious Zeal,
Purſu'd the Chriſtians and their God:
From Land to Land enrag'd he goes;
But JESUS meets him on the Road.

II.

Heaven opens, and *Celeſtial* Light
Pours a bright Deluge all around:
Breaks on his Head the Flood, and ſtrikes
The trembling Sinner to the Ground.

III.

When ſtrait a Wondrous Voice is heard!
SAUL! SAUL! why perſecut'ſt thou Me?
Who art Thou, LORD? the Wretch replies,
And JESUS anſwers, I am He----

IV. That

IV.

That JESUS I---whoſe wounded Breaſt
In every Martyr'd Saint does mourn:
Forbear---nor madly lift thy Foot
Againſt the pointed Goad to ſpurn.

V.

Confounded and Diſarm'd He lies;
And to the Heavenly Voice reſign'd:
For---with the Voice, a Power Divine
Had reach'd his Heart, and chang'd his Mind.

VI.

What would'ſt Thou, O much-injur'd LORD!
Command; I'm ready to obey;
To Do, or SUFFER----Here I am:
Thy Pleaſure, AWFUL VISION---Say--

VII.

LORD! with like Power, This Day, arreſt
Each Sinner in th' Aſſembly Here:
Deſcend, and let the Force once more
Of HEAVENLY LIGHT and GRACE appear!

VIII. We

VIII.

We tremble when we view our Crimes;
How Great the Guilt! how Vaſt the Sum!
Oh! change our Hearts; forgive our Sins:
Come, JESUS, MIGHTY SAVIOUR, Come!

January 25, 1718.

To Mrs *SAY*, on her being Uneaſy at the Author's going a Journey Alone on important Affairs.

I.

BElov'd!---of Pious Parents born!
Thee too may EVERY GRACE adorn!
Not *Modeſty* Alone;
Nor Only *Meekneſs*, *Candor*, *Truth*;
Virtues which have from Earlieſt Youth
With Thee together grown:

II. Beſides

II.

Beſides thoſe Thouſand Decencies,
Thoſe Nameleſs Beauties, that ariſe
From every tender Air,
Which from Thy Lips does ſweetly move,
Breathing Compliance, Faith and Love
Eternal and Sincere!

III.

Still More from Thee, Thy Lord does claim,
A Purer, a Diviner Flame;
* THY LORD—the LORD from *Heaven*,
To whom her meaner Earthly Spouſe,
Herſelf and All with ſtrongeſt Vows,
The CHRISTIAN WIFE has given!

IV.

Ceaſe then, with vain foreboding Fears,
With Parting Kiſſes, Flowing Tears,
And Every Female Charm,
The Firmneſs of the MAN to try,
And ev'n of all his Conſtancy
The CHRISTIAN to diſarm.

* 2 COR. xi. 2.

V.

Not thus to Endleſs Bliſs we haſte,
Not thus deſpiſe a Vulgar Taſte,
And Unknown Joys explore:
Not thus we tread the Heavenly Road,
And ſeek a Long, a Bleſt Abode,
To meet, and part no more!

February, 1719.

Written in a STORM.

HARK! the loud THUNDER rattles thro' the Sky:
The OCEAN foams, and lifts its Billows high:
The Solid EARTH from her Foundation ſhakes,
And Every Human Heart with Terror quakes.
SINNERS feel *only* Fear: Their FATHER's Voice
The RIGHTEOUS own; and *tremble* and *rejoice*.

HORACE, Book III. Ode xvi. Imitated.

——————Mihi paupere cultu
Poſſe frui detis, ſuperi, mihi paupere tecto
Tranquillos agitare dies, ſecuraque faſtus
Otia, nec luxu mentem cruciare protervo.

DANAE, enclos'd in Tow'rs of Braſs,
Strong Iron Doors, and Opening Dogs,
Wakeful, had well ſecur'd by Day,
Had well ſecur'd by Night;

If JOVE and VENUS had not mock'd
The Jealous Sire----So Fables tell---
Vain Iron! Vain Braſs! transform'd to *Gold*,
He won the Greedy Maid.

When *Gold* appears, the Guards retire,
The Floods divide, the Rocks are rent;
Not Thunder flings the fiery Bolt
With ſuch Reſiſtleſs Power.

Subjects their *Kings*, and *Prieſts* their *Gods*
Exchange for *Gold*. The *Gownman* Right
And Wrong confounds: for *Gold* he pleads,
For *Gold* betrays the Cauſe.

Touch'd by Thy Stronger Force, tow'rds Thee
The *Compaſs* veers, *Almighty Gold!*
Before Thee *Wiſdom*, *Valour*, *Senſe*
And *Virtue* are no more!

Care follows cloſe, where *Gold* precedes:
Sweet Innocence, Contentment, Peace,
No more ſhall bleſs the Day; no more
Soft Slumbers bleſs the Night!

This HORACE ſaw; Wiſe Bard! and durſt
Refuſe the glittering Bribe; to ſhare
With *Cæſar* all the World---to ſhare
The World, and ſhare the Toil.

Tempt

Tempt me no more, MÆCENAS! tempt
No more Thy FLACCUS to aſpire
To Wealth and Power: he fears the Helm,
Becauſe he fears the Storm.

What we deny ourſelves, Juſt Heaven
Reſtores with Intĕreſt. Naked, ſee—
Naked, thy Humble Friend deſerts
The Party of the Great:

Glad Fugitive—he longs to reach
The Camp of the Contented Few,
Whoſe Little is Enough—*Enough*—
That Sweeter Word for *All!*

O Decent Pride! O truly Lord
Of His Poſſeſſions, who ſtill bears
A Soul above 'em! Richer far
Than all *Apulia*'s Stores,

Heap'd

Heap'd in the crouded Barn, could make
The Mind that covets without End,
And, drinking, thirſts for more----O Wretch,
In utmoſt Plenty, Poor!

A Silver Stream, a Silent Grove,
A Summer's Eve, a Small Eſtate
Still faithful to its Lord: A Life,
Retir'd from Noiſe or Care,

Steals thro' the World, with Joys Unknown
To the Profaner Mind; with Joys
Unknown to Crowded Courts; to Peers,
And Sceptred Kings Unknown!

Tho' no Proud Palace loads the Ground,
Or tours into the Sky: No Carr
With gilded Trappings Gay; behind
Beſtuck with Pamper'd Slaves;

Move

Moves Slow in State; nor Coſtly Wines,
Tokay, *Champaigne*, or *Burgundy*,
Nor high *Ragouts* deceive the Taſte,
And propagate Diſeaſe.

Yet fair *Content* My Cottage chears;
Lettice and Pulſe my Garden yields:
Plain Food, Soft Ale, or Home-brew'd Wines,
Still crown my Healthful Board.

Thro' fragrant Fields, or ſpreading Lawns,
Where the Sheep graze and Oxen low,
Or ſtalks the Stag with Head Erect,
I ſometimes Muſing rove:

Pleas'd with his Load, ſometimes my Pad
Smooth ambles to the Neighbouring Gate,
That opens friendly to receive
The not Unwelcome Gueſt.

Happy I

Happy! who knows himſelf, and knows
To judge of Happineſs; to whom
Wiſe Heaven, with Kind but Frugal Hand,
Has every Want ſupply'd.

LOESTOFF:
May, 1720.

A HYMN on 1 CHRON. xvii. 16.

And David *the King came, and ſat before the* LORD, *and ſaid, Who am I, O* LORD GOD, *and what is mine Houſe, that thou haſt brought me* hitherto?

I.

LORD! in This Laſt Concluding Eve,
Thy Name I will adore;
Who, to my many Years of Life,
One Year haſt added more.

II. Nor

II.

Nor Life alone, but Health and Strength
Thro' all th' indulgent Year:
And Liberty, than Life itſelf
To Me more Juſtly dear.

III.

Thy Bounty has with richeſt Store
My Table daily Spread:
Richly am I, or kindlier, LORD!
With Food Convenient fed.

IV.

And when the timely Hours of Sleep
To needful Reſt invite;
Thou doſt my peaceful Slumbers watch,
And guard me Every Night.

V.

When diſtant Friends Secure I reach'd,
Thy Providence I own;
Whilſt in infected Towns I lodg'd,
And travel'd Roads unknown.

VI.

In Deaths and Dangers, Every Place
Did Health and Peace afford:
Safe I went out, and Safe return'd,
For Thou wert with me, LORD!

VII.

Oh! may Thy Preſence guard me ſtill,
And guide in all my Ways;
For in the midſt of Snares I walk,
And tread a dangerous Maze.

VIII.

And whilſt our Errors, LORD, and all
Thy Mercies I review:
I wonder----and adore the Grace
That brought me HITHERTO!

31 *December*,
1723.

To the Learned Mr. *HENRY FAGEL*, on his Hiſtorical Diſſertation † *De Origine & Uſu Juris Romani in Hollandia.*

Written on Occaſion of a Copy of Greek *Verſes addreſſed to Mr.* FAGEL *by* Peter Frederick Huſſon, *Profeſſor of Philoſophy and Eloquence at* Utrecht.

TIME on all other things does prey:
WISDOM Alone knows No Decay.
Egypt, and *Greece*, and mighty *Rome*,
Subjected to One common Doom,
Are only Names of Antient Pow'rs:
All but their WISDOM *Time* devours.
To Theſe, politer Arts we owe:
Hence equal Laws and Juſtice flow.
The *German*, *Gaul*, and haughty *Spain*,
And all the rich *Batavian* Plain,
Reſiſted once the ROMAN Arms:
But All, the ROMAN JUSTICE charms.

† *Trajecti ad Rhenum*, 4to, 1727.

Thee, *Belgium*, moſt——But When and Whence
To *Belgium*, *Rome* did Right diſpenſe;
Tho' *Belgic* Diligence excell,
No learned *Belgic* Writers tell.

FAGEL! to Thee----the Muſes Child----
On whoſe great Birth MINERVA ſmil'd;
To Thee, this Labour ſhe ordains:----
A Work that well deſerves thy Pains.
And well the Work perform'd we ſee;
Worthy MINERVA, worthy Thee.
Fair THEMIS, faſt by Thee purſu'd,
In all her various Courſe is view'd;
Till in *Batavia*'s peaceful Soil,
She ends her weary wandĕring Toil.

But Thou---Proceed---the *FAGEL*'s Name
From Thee demands Increaſe of Fame:
Heroes Deceas'd from Heaven look down,
And Thee their true Succeſſor own:
While Living Heroes joy to find
Their Image Fairer on Thy Mind.

For

For ever to thy Country dear,
Proceed, ILLUSTRIOUS YOUTH! to clear
From Miſts and Artifice Her Laws:
Merit----and take Her juſt Applauſe.
And while She waits Thy growing Praiſe,
And meditates Diviner Lays,
Accept this Prelude, *FAGEL!* nor refuſe
Th' auſpicious Omens of a *Britiſh* Muſe.

13 *Sept.* 1727.

PSALM XCVII, in Paraphraſtic Verſe.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns: Thou, Earth, rejoice;
Ye diſtant Iſles return the Voice;
Ev'n fartheſt *Britain* take the Sound;
Let the glad Concert from thy Hills rebound,
And from thy Cliffs the Sacred Noiſe!

II. Ye

II.

Ye Rivers, Hear! Thou, Ocean! ſtand
Attentive to receive the Song;
Silence to thy loud Waves command,
And calm thy troubled foamy Sand,
While thro' the hollow Rocks the Muſick rowls along.

III.

What ſudden Glory This, that fills the Air?
Whence Thoſe dark Clouds, involv'd, that form yon' dreadful [Sphere?
Dreadful, for 'tis th'ALMIGHTY's Throne.
There *Juſtice*, ſee! and *Judgment* There;
How terrible they Both appear,
When *Wrath*, with *Mercy* Unallay'd, comes down
To ſcourge a wicked World, Rebellious to his Crown.

IV.

Before him rapid Fires conſume:
Amaz'd, the Sinner views his Doom:
Deep Terrors ſeize his impious Soul.
Such rattling Thunders rend the Skies,
With Such quick Glare the Lightning flies,
Thro' the vext Elements Such Tempeſts riſe,
As the fixt Pillars of the Globe controul.

V.

Earth's Bowels from her Centre quake:
Such ſtrong Convulſions her Foundations ſhake,
As if with Horror ſhe would fain have fled.
Like melted Wax her Mountains flow;
Her flinty Rocks diſſolve like Snow,
Which Once to Heaven Sublimely rear'd their Head,
As if, with daring Pride, they would ev'n Heaven invade.

VI.

Whence all this Terror? What Strange Sight
Does thus the trembling World affright?
THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD is here;
THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD,
Whoſe Righteouſneſs the Heavens declare;
Whoſe Glory all the Nations fear,
And dread the Awful Sound of his Eternal Word.

VII.

Before his glorious *Preſence*, All
The Heathen Gods Confounded fall:
Their fond Adorers, in their *Dagon*'s Fate,
Their monſtrous Folly learn too late;

Too

Too late their Own prodigious Madneſs ſee,
And curſe their dull Stupidity,
When humbly proſtrate on the Ground,
The ſhatter'd Deity is found;
Where, with low Homage and Obeiſance prone,
The Vanquiſh'd Idol ſeems to own
The GOD of *Iſrael*, GOD Alone.

VIII.

While Pale Confuſion ſhall ſurprize,
And Shame poſſeſs thine Enemies,
Who to a Senſeleſs Idol bend,
And worſhip Gods, Unable to defend
Themſelves; Thy Church thy Judgment hears
With Joy; and triumphs in the Sinners Fears,
When the Great GOD, the Lord of Hoſts,
Defeats their proud and impious Boaſts,
His Godhead terribly maintains,
And his Eternal Rule o'er Heaven and Earth proclaims.

IX.

Againſt the *Atheiſt* Race thy Bolts are aim'd;
Againſt the Godleſs Crew thy Vengeance is enflam'd;
While,

While, thro' the deep Obſcurity,
For Thine the Seeds of Light are ſown,
While They, Secure, thy Smiles can ſee,
And thro' the hovĕring Shades their great Protector own.

X.

Thus, while Subſtantial Darkneſs ſhrouds
The *Chamian* Heaven in Solid Clouds,
And with black Wings o'er frighted *Mizraim* broods;
In *Goſhen*'s favour'd Land
Thy Choſen *Iſrael* ſtand,
Enjoy the Sun's enlivĕning Ray,
And wonder what Strange Night Uſurps th' *Ægyptian* Day!

Extract of a LETTER from the Author to Mr. *HUGHES*, on the Publication of his Poem, entitled THE COURT OF NEPTUNE, Congratulating King WILLIAM on his Return from *Holland* in the Year 1699.

DEAR SIR,

I AM pleaſed to find, that you always make choice of worthy Subjects for your Muſe, and take it as an Omen of Something Greater to follow. VIRGIL, in his BUCOLICS, preluded to his ÆNEID, and firſt ſung the Praiſes of AUGUSTUS in *Eclogues* or *Copies of Verſes*, before he attempted an *Heroic Poem*.

I am ſatisfied by This Specimen, that You will never deſcend into the Rank of Thoſe LITTLE SOULS, who make it their Buſineſs Only to pleaſe, and have no other Way to do That, but by flattering Men in their Vices and Immoralities. I am ſure VIRTUE is moſt for the Intereſt of Mankind; and Thoſe Poets have ever obtained the moſt Honour in the World, who have made That the End and Deſign of their Works.

A wanton SAPPHO, or ANACREON, among the Ancients, never had the Same Applauſe as a PINDAR or ALCÆUS; nor, in the Judgment of HORACE, did they deſerve

deſerve it. In the Opinion of All Poſterity, a lewd and debauch'd Ovid did juſtly ſubmit to the Worth of a Virgil: And, in future Ages, a Dryden will never be compar'd to a Milton.

In All Times, and in All Places of the World, the Moral Poets have been ever the Greateſt, and as much Superior to Others in Wit as in Virtue. Nor does This ſeem difficult to be accounted for, ſince the Dignity of their Subjects naturally rais'd their Ideas, and gave a Grandeur to their Sentiments.

To Mr. *DUNCOMBE.*

Dear Sir, *Octob.* 10, 1740.

According to your Deſire, I herewith ſend you my *Latin* Verſion of the Introduction to Paradise Lost. It was compos'd (as I think I told you) while I lay on my Bed in the Night, and ſcarce knew whether I was Aſleep or Awake, Writing or Hearing Verſes; and the Heavenly Muſe gave me, in the Words of Milton,

> Her Nightly Viſitation Unimplor'd,
> And whiſper'd to me Slumb'ring, and inſpir'd
> Eaſie my Unpremeditated Verſe:

Or, in plain Proſe, ſuggeſted it to One who does not remember to have made Ten *Latin Hexameters* together

in his whole Life at any other Time, nor deſigns ever to make Ten more. For you will eaſily believe, *he* can lay very little Streſs on the *Inſpiration*, who has ſince attempted to make ſo many Improvements by a mere *Human* Judgment or Induſtry.

The reading over a *Latin Manuſcript*-Verſion of the *Firſt* Book of PARADISE LOST, which had been put into my Hands a little before, gave my Thoughts, as I imagine, this Turn; for I was endeavouring to convince the Author, that MILTON would be but Half-tranſlated, if his Numbers were not transfuſed, as well as his General Senſe given; And if there was not the ſame Studied, or Happy Neglect, or Choice of Sounds, either Harſh or Indifferent, or Sweet and Soothing to the Ear, in the *Copy* as in the *Original*.

HUmani generis lapſum, mitiſſima rupta
Fœdera, lethiferæ fructum Arboris, unde malorum
Dira cohors, cum morte ſimul, mortalibus ægris
Incubuit, PARADISO AMISSO; major ADAMUS
Dum ‡ moriens mortem vincat, ſedemque beatam
Reſtituat,

‡ Eodem ſcilicet ſenſu, quo VIRGILIUS de NISO:

——*et moriens animam abſtulit hoſti.* Æneid. ix. v. 443.

Et Apoſt. ad Hebræos, II. 9——14.

Et imperium moriens morti abſtulit.

Dying he ſlew.

DRYDEN.

Reſtituat, cane MUSA: SINÆ quæ vertice ſummo,
OREBIVE olim, ſecreto Numine mentem
ILLIUS afflâſti PASTORIS, ſemen ABRÂMI
Qui ſanctum docuit, quo motu Terra Fretumque,
Quo, primùm è cœco Lux ipſa & Sydera cœli
Emersêre CHAO---Vel ſi juga ſacra SIONIS,
Seu SILOÆ mage flumen ames, orac'la JEHOVÆ
Quæ placidè prætervehitur, Veneranda, vocata,
Exaudi, URANIE, atque ingentibus annue cœptis:
Dum niſu inſolito ſurgens ſuper Æthera pennis,
Supra Anni Solisque vias, ſublimis OLYMPUM
Deſpiciam; dicamque, audax, miracula rerum
Non audita aliàs, neque Vatum dicta priorum
Carminibus, Numeris unquam neque lege ſolutis.

Tuque adeo, tibi dilectas qui deligis Ædes
Cor purum, ſceleriſque vacans, tu, SPIRITUS, adſis!
Omnia nota tibi---Naſcentis ſemina Mundi
Foviſti, præſens, vaſtum per Inane coacta,
Et paſſis magnum, OMNIPARENS, genialibus alis

Maturâſti

Maturâsti Ovum. Tenebras de pectore, DIVA,
Discutias; humilemque leves, & talibus ausis
Esse parem jubeas, dum Justum atque Omnibus Æquum,
Æternum ostendam Patrem, rerumque potentem.



A N

AN

ESSAY

ON

The Harmony, Variety, and Power

OF

NUMBERS,

Whether in PROSE or VERSE:

Preparatory to a SECOND ESSAY on the NUMBERS of PARADISE LOST.

——Muſeo contingens cuncta lepore.

LUCRETIUS.

To Mr. *RICHARDSON.*

SIR,

IN reading over to You a Former Paper on the *Variety* and *Power* of *Numbers* in *Paradiſe Loſt*, which was written at Your Requeſt, I perceived, that in order to give You a clearer Apprehenſion of the Juſtneſs of the Remarks I had made on the Verſification of This Great Author, it was neceſſary to trace the Idéa of *Numbers* to their Firſt Principles.

This has produced the following *Eſſay* on *Numbers* in General: in which if there be any thing New to You, I own alſo it was ſo to Myſelf till I came to conſider this Subject with more Attention than I had hitherto * done.

And if it has the Happineſs to give You the ſame Entertainment in the Reading, which You have given the Author, in laying him under the agreeable Neceſſity of Writing it; You will have all the Pleaſure which Enquiries of this Nature deſerve to give us.

S. S.

* See §. II. and III.

ESSAY the FIRST.

On the Harmony, Variety, *and* Power *of* NUMBERS *in General, whether in* Proſe *or* Verſe: *Preparatory to a* Second Eſſay *on the* NUMBERS *of* PARADISE LOST *in Particular.*

§. I.

NÚmbĕrs * ĭn Gĕneral, to the Purpoſe I mean of the Preſent Enquiry, is but another Word for ORDER and PROPORTION; the Source of HARMONY and GRACE, whether in SOUNDS or MOVEMENTS, or whatever Work of Geniŭs ŏr of ārt.

But, in the Language of Poëts and Rhetoricians, it is Such a Number of Sounds, in Such an Order and Proportion to one another, as is either proper to PLEASE the EAR, or IMPRESS the MIND in a peculiar Manner.

For the Beauty of NUMBERS conſiſts in the GRACE or the PROPRIETY of 'em.

The PROPRIETY of 'em conſiſts in *Sounds* adapted to the *Senſe*: And the Reſult or Effect of ſuch Sounds is the POWER of NUMBERS; of which the Ancients relate ſuch Wonders: A Beauty which Every Great Genius does, *in his Diction*, principally aim at, and naturally ſucceeds in: But which is the peculiar Felicity of thoſe only who CONCEIVE CLEARLY, and EXPRESS STRONGLY whatever they CONCEIVE. Now the Force of Expreſſion conſiſts partly in the Words themſelves, and partly in the Numbers and Diſpoſition. And they who have the † *Happy Curioſity* [of HORACE] to chooſe Proper Words, and to give Every Word its Proper Situation and Emphaſis of Sound, will be able to transfuſe all the Idéas of their Own Minds into the

* The Reaſon why the *Accents* are mark'd on Some of the *Syllables* will appear in the Sequel of this *Eſſay*.

† *Curioſa Felicitas.*

Minds

Minds of their * Readers, and tranſport 'em, whither ſoever they will, into the Same Regions and Paſſions with themſelves.

And this is the true Magic of Verſe. But here,

No Poët any Paſſion can excite,
But what they feel tranſpórt 'ĕm whĕn thĕy wrīte.
Háve yŏu beĕn léd thrŏ' thĕ Cŭmæăn Cāve?
And heard | th' impatient Maid | divīnely rave?
I hear | her Now | —I ſee | her rowling Eyes——
And Panting—lo | the God! | the God! | —ſhe cries.

Bŭt fēw | ōh fēw— | Soŭls præŏrdaīn'd bў Fāte,
The Race | of Gods | have reach'd | That énvĭed Heīght!

Earl of ROSCOMMON.

The GRACE or HARMONY of NUMBERS, in the uſual Senſe of this Word in *Engliſh*, is the agreeable Diſtinction which the Ear perceives between a certain Number or Quantity of Sounds; and a kind of Beating of Time with the Voice; ſometimes at Equal, ſometimes at Various, but always at Meaſur'd and Regular Diſtances.

And to This the Ear itſelf, and the Cuſtom of Reading Good Authors, will unawares and inſenſibly lead us in ſome meaſure: But 'tis too often the mere Effect of Art and Labor: A painful Induſtry, or Drudgery rather, with which little Writers are wont immoderately to amuſe themſelves; eſpecially in the Decline of Eloquence, and when Men begin to have loſt the Taſte of Fine Writing, or a Juſt Propriety of Words and Thought.

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* This is the Character *Cicero* gives of his Compleat Orator: *Ut animos eorum, apud quos agat, ita afficiat, ut eos quocunque velit, vel trahere vel rapere poſſit.* Lib. ii. p. 118, de Oratore.

And 'tis the Same which diſtinguiſhes a Poet from a mere Verſifier or Rimer.

——— *neque enim concludere verſum*
Dixeris eſſe ſatis———

Ille Poëta--meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet
Ut Magus---et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis. HOR.

'Tis He, who gives my Breaſt a thouſand Pains,
Can make me feel each Paſſion that he feigns,
Inrage, compoſe, with more than Magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart,
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To *Thebes*, to *Athens*, when he will, and where. Mr. POPE.

But

But whenever it appears to be Natural and Unaffected, it muſt be acknowledged to have its Beauty, and which therefore no good Writer will útterly nĕglect.

And wherever the genuine Order and due Proportion of Sounds are truly, and even nicely obſerv'd, and yet in a manner Secret, and Imperceptible to the Reader; there the Style will be Smooth, Inoffenſive, and Flowing; Eaſy to the Voice, and agreeablĕ tŏ thĕ Eār,

Such was the Style of XENOPHON among the Ancients, *(Xenophontis illa fluens et ſine Salebris Oratio,)* ſo unaffected in Appearance, and yet ſo inexpreſſibly ſweet, that the * *Graces* themſelves, in the Words of CICERO, ſeem to have turn'd the Eaſy Periods.

And this ſeems the Style moſt proper for calm Reflections and agreeable Narrations; ſuch as are generally thoſe of XENOPHON, and, among the Moderns, many of the SPECTATORS, and other Papers by the ſame Authors. And thus MILTON concludes the Narration of the Fabulous Part of his Hiſtory of *Britain*. "By this "Time, like one who had ſet out on his Way by Night, and tra-"vail'd thro' a Region of Smooth or Idle Dreams; our Hiſtory "Now arrives on the Confines where Day-light and Truth meet "us with a clear Dawn: Repreſenting to our View, tho' at a Far "diſtance, true Cŏlŏrs ănd Shāpes."

But the Motions of Paſſion are naturally ſtronger, and the Freeks or unaccountable Changes of Humour are leſs Subject to Rule and Order: And there are Images that Fill or that Fire the Mind with their Beauty, or their Grandeur. And what we feel within, we expreſs with the Voice. 'Tis reaſonable therefore to aſſume a different Style, and Numbers far Different, when the Like Idéas, or the Like Paſſions are intended to be rais'd in Thoſe that hear us.

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* *Ut ipſæ ſermonem Gratiæ finxiſſe videantur.*

How different would it be from the Style he intended, were you to render the Words of *Cicero* in the following Manner,

That the *Graces* themſelves,
On their Own Anvils,
Seem to have turn'd
The *Eaſy Periods*.

Or rather,

Each *Labour'd Period*.

In which therefore the *Graces* could have no Hand; in whoſe Productions, indeed, the Effect of their Labor is always Felt, but muſt never Appear.

And this belongs to the POWER of *Numbers*.

To what Laws of *Harmony*, for Inſtance, or even of *Grammar*, will you reduce the Broken and Imperfect Accents, in which VIRGIL gives us ſo ſtrong an Image of all the Diſorder and Emotion of Mind which NISUS feels, when, to divert the fatal Stroke from his Beloved EURYALUS, He cries out thro' the Shades to VOLSCENS,

Me—Me—adſum qui feci—in Me convertite ferrum,
O Rutuli— ÆNEID. ix. 427.

Which MILTON puts into the Mouth of our firſt Mother under the like Diſtreſs.

Mee—Mee only—Juſt object of his Ire!

And ſtill Greater is the Diſorder both in the *Grammar* and in the *Numbers*, with Equal Succeſs and Power of Sounds, in TERENCE's Eunuch. Act. I. Sc. 1.

Egōne īllām? qūæ illūm? qūæ mē? qūæ nōn? sĭnĕ mŏdŏ:
Mori me malim:

But wherever * the POWER and the HARMONY of *Numbers* are united together, There the Style will be Sure to pleaſe us; and may be ſaid, in the Words of PLINY, to be *ōmnibus suis Numeris abſolutus*: or, in Thoſe of MILTON,

---

* The learned Reader will, perhaps, be pleaſed with the following Inſtances, to this purpoſe, from *Virgil* and *Horace*;

Reſtitit Æneas---clarâque in luce refulſit,
Os humeroſque Deo Similis---namque Ipſa decoram
Cæſariem Nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores.
ÆNEID. i. 592.

Deventre locos lætos, & amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, ſedeſque beatas:
Largior hîc campos æther, & lumine veſtit
Purpureo—— ÆNEID. vi. 638.

Qualis ubi Oceani perfuſus Luciſer unda,
Quem Venus ante alios aſtrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os cœlo Sacrum, tenebraſque reſolvit.
ÆNEID. viii. 589.

Et te ſonantem plenius aureo
Alcæe, plectro, dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli.
Utrumque ſacro digna ſilentio
Mirantur umbræ dicere.
HOR. Lib. ii. Ode 13.

Smooth

Smooth on the Tongue, and Pleaſing to the Ear.
Paradiſe Regain'd, B. i.

Such are the following Lines, and a Thouſand others, in *Paradiſe Loſt*:

Thēſe lūll'd bў Nightĭngalĕs, embracing ſlēpt;
And ón thĕir Nāked Līmbs thĕ floūrĭe Roōf
Shoūr'd Rōſĕs, whĭch thĕ Mórn rĕpāir'd: Sleēp ōn——
Bléſt Pāir! Book iv. *See the ſame Book from* Ver. 252 *to* 268.

Eſpecially where the Sounds, the Numbers and the Idéas are perpetually varied, and ſet in oppoſition to one another. As in Book vi.

All Nīght thĕ dreádlĕſs Angĕl, unpurſu'd
Thrōugh Heáv'n's wīde Chāmpaĭn héld hĭs wāy, 'tĭll Mōrn,
Wākt bў thĕ círclĭng Hoūrs, with rōſiĕ hand
Unbárr'd thĕ Gātes ŏf Līght.

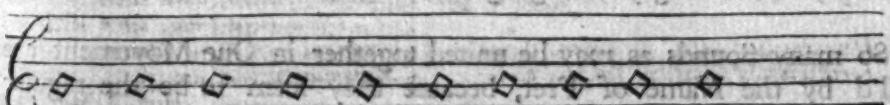
Such are every where found in this Author.
See the ſame Book, Ver. 92: 748—752: 844—875. B. iv. 300.

—— —— ——pouring forth——mōre Sweēt——
Wīld, ăbóve Rūle ŏr ārt, ĕnórmŏus Blīſs.

§. II.

The Ear cannot long be pleas'd with One and the Same Sound continued, nor Different Impreſſions be made upon the Soul, by the ſame Motions and Percuſſions of the Air: Therefore Nature, or the Reaſon of things, has inſtructed the Voice in Every Language not to move by Single and Uniform Sounds, or ſtrike forever the Same Notes, unvaried either in Tone or in Time.

Let us pronounce, for Inſtance, the Ten following Syllables with one perpetual Tenor of the Voice, unchang'd alike in Time or in Accent:



Bē | whāt | Yoū | wīll | sō | Yoū | bē | ſtīll | thē | sāme,

and

and they will appear like Surd and Unmeaning Sounds; Painful to the Voice, and Ungrateful to the Ear. Such, 'tis obſerv'd, is the Pronunciation of Thoſe who are born Deaf, and have been taught to Speak without hearing the Sound of their own Voices. But unite every Two of Theſe Sounds into ONE MOVEMENT, and let the Voice Riſe on the One, and Fall or Reſt itſelf on the Other, and this with a proper Mixture of Uniformity and Variety; and then immediately

Pleas'd thŏu | ſhălt heăr | ănd learn | thĕ Sē|crĕt Pōw'r
Of Hár|mŏnў, | ĭn Tōnes | ănd Núm|bĕrs hít
By Vōice | ŏr Hănd. — — — *Paradiſe Regain'd*, B. iv. Ver. 254.

In the Firſt of Theſe Movements the Voice dwells with pleaſure on the Firſt Syllable, and runs off haſtily from the Second: For all the Pronouns are either ENCLITIC only, or EMPHATICAL: And therefore tho' the ſecond Syllable ends in a Diphthong, yet as NO EMPHASIS is Here to be laid upon it, the Sound is Short, and hardly either of the Vowels is heard Diſtinctly.

The Four Syllables which begin the Next Line are All naturally Short; but the Voice riſes on the Second, and diſtinguiſhes it by a Sharper Accent. The Third and Fourth are both equally Short and Unaccented; but the Laſt receives Half a Time by the Comma, a Pauſe of the Voice after it, and therefore is mark'd with a Prick of Perfection as they call it. And by This Variety the Movements in this Second Line are Sufficiently diſtinguiſh'd from the Same Movements in the Firſt and in the Third Line, tho' the *Cæſura* be exactly the Same in every Line. The Firſt of which begins with a *Trochee* followed by an *Iambick*; the Laſt with Two *Iambics*; and the Middle, if we regard the Time only, with Two *Pyrrichius's*, but the Former diſtinguiſh'd by a ſtrong Accent, which gives it, to an *Engliſh* Ear, the Force of an *Iambick*.

Such is the Variety in Such an Uniformity! A Grace peculiar, perhaps, to the *Engliſh* Language.

So many Sounds as may be united together in One Movement are call'd by the Name of Feet, becauſe they ſeem to be the regular PACES

PACES by which the Voice moves on, or proceeds, in an equable or agreeable Manner; and therefore they are diſtinguiſh'd by different Names, according to the different Quantity or Diſpoſition of the TIME in which we pronounce 'em, or the Streſs of the Voice that is laid upon 'em.

And Theſe are the true Parents or Source of *Numbers*: All the Variety of which is form'd by the Variety of the Feet or Primary Movements, or the Various Combinations of em: And ſo the *Numbers* are ſaid to be *Iämbic*, *Trochaic*, *Dactylic*, or the like; or aſſume to themſelves New Names according to their different Combinations, or as ſeveral Movements are united together by one common Elevation and Depreſſion of the Voice, as in the following Lines:

Curſed be their Anger! for it was Fierce,
And their Wrath! for it was Cruël.
I will divide 'em in Jacob; *and ſcatter 'em in* Iſräel.

GENESIS xlix. 7.

And ſuch a Number of Movements, thus agreeably united, are call'd in *Greek* by the Name of RHYTHMI; a Word which is alſo uſed to expreſs the Simple Movements, when not the ORDER, but the QUANTITY of Time is only conſider'd. Thus the *Dactyle* and the *Anapoeſt* [— ∪∪ ∴ ∪∪ —] are the Same RHYTHMUS, tho' not the Same FOOT or MOVEMENT.

The Meaſure of Time in Ordinary Speech, and in our own Language, is the Space in which we pronounce any one of the Liquids, or any other Conſonant, in the Sounding of which the Vowel precedes *.

No Simple Movement can be beautifully extended beyond the Quantity of Four ſuch Times, nor beyond the Number of Three

* The Sweeter S or Z alone excepted, abſurdly call'd by many Ez-hard, which is the ſoft and agreeable Sound of S when it comes between two Vowels in the middle of a Word, and with which, in the *Southern* Parts of the Iſland, we cloſe all our Nouns Plural, and the Third Perſon Singular of All our Verbs, which are perpetually Hiſſing in the Mouths of the *North Britons:* With the ſame Difference as at *Florence* or at *Rome*; whence the Proverb,

Lingua Toſcana en Bocca Romana:

The Tuſcan Language in a Roman Mouth.

Equal

Equal Sounds; becauſe † a Diſtinction of Sounds and a Senſible Impreſſion of the Voice at proper Diſtances is eſſential to *Numbers*; and Multiplicity without Variety would breed Confuſion.

And Numbers alſo are equally oppos'd to ONE and to * INFINITE; in Both which there is neither Beginning, Middle, or End, nor therefore Order or Proportion.

§. III.

And by This Account it will plainly appear that the Firſt Simple Feet, or Primary Movements of the Voice, are exceeding Few: And yet in the Uſe of thoſe Few, properly Mixt and Exchang'd with each other, all the Various Paſſions of the Human Soul, and all the Endleſs Variety of Idéas that paſs thro' it, may be ſufficiently and ſtrongly expreſs'd, and the Ear receive all the Pleaſure which Variety of Numbers can poſſibly give it.

The Movements, therefore, with which the Voice proceeds with Pleaſure, or is heard with Delight, are only Six; as will appear to the Eye itſelf in the following Diſtribution of the Time, whether in the more Slow and Solemn, or the Sharper and more Aëry Movements; in which the Strait Lines mark the Longer, and the Semicircles the Shorter Times.

The Spondee ⏑ ⏑ ∴ ◇ ◇	The Tribrachus ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ ∴ ◟ ◟ ◟
The Dactyle ⏑ ◡ ◡ ∴ ◇ ◟ ◟	The Trochee ⏑ ◡ ∴ ◇ ◟
The Anapoeſt ◡ ◡ ⏑ ∴ ◟ ◟ ◇	The Iambic ◡ ⏑ ∴ ◟ ◇

Nor can you poſſibly diſpoſe of Theſe in any other manner without increaſing the Time, or repeating the Same Movements: as in the Amphimacer, for Inſtance, or the Creticus; the Former of which is mark'd in This manner ◡ ⏑ ◡, the Latter in This ⏑ ◡ ⏑. The Firſt

† *Numerus eſt Diſtinctio, & Æqualium, & ſæpe Variorum Intervallorum, percuſſio.* And again, *Numerus eſt id in omnibus Vocibus atque Sonis, quod habet quaſdam Impreſſiones, & quod metiri poſſis intervallis æqualibus.* CIC. de Oratore; or, as he ought to have added, in agreement with what he ſaith above, *ſint æqualibus.*

* Τὸ δὲ ἄρῤῥυθμον ἀπέραντον ἀνάγκη· γὰρ ᾧ ἄγνωστον τὸ ἄπειρον· περαίνεται δὲ ἀριθμῷ πᾶν. Ariſt. Rhet. L. iii. C. viii.

of

of Theſe, indeed, exceeds not the Number of Four times, but yet cannot be pronounced without Such a Diſtinction of Sound, as would plainly diſcover it to conſiſt of One Entire Movement, and Part of Another; and the Latter would as plainly exceed the Time, and would ſtrike the Ear with a double Percuſſion.

But, as in the Seven Diſtinctions of Sound in the Scale of Muſic, Nature has provided a Mixture of Half Sounds, for the greater Variety and Pleaſure to the Ear; ſo, Here, in the Scale of Movements, to theſe Six, a Seventh may be added, which from the Inventor, as 'tis ſaid, is nam'd the *Pyrrichius*: A kind of Half or Imperfect Meaſure, conſiſting of two Short Sounds mark'd thus ⏑ ⏑ ∴ or ♩♩ ∴ not becauſe it deſerves to be conſider'd as an Entire and Diſtinct Movement of itſelf, but becauſe it may ſeem to be of neceſſary Uſe, wherever the Remaining Sounds are All *Spondaïc*, and conſequently Heavy and Uniform, to reduce 'em to the Time or Quantity of *Iambics* or *Trochaïcs*. And becauſe theſe kind of Movements were ſaid to be peculiar to the *Ionians*, they were call'd the *Ionic from the Leſs*, or *from the Greater*, according as the Shorter Sounds preceded or follow'd, and were mark'd in This manner:

Ionicus a Minori ⏑ ⏑ – – ∴ ♩♩𝅗𝅥𝅗𝅥.

Ionicus a Majori – – ⏑ ⏑ ∴ 𝅗𝅥𝅗𝅥♩♩.

You will excuſe, Sir, this Appearance of Pedantry, when I have obſerv'd to You, that it is by a Like Artifice to This, that the General Quantity of Time is preſerv'd in the *Engliſh Iambics* and *Trochaïcs*; which otherwiſe would be often and greatly exceeded in ſuch a Language as ours. 'Tis an Advantage which our Poëts perpetually take; and the Eaſy Flow and Sweetneſs of the Verſe is ſometimes entirely owing to it; and, at other times, the Force and Emphaſis with which the principal Idéa is impreſſed upon the Mind: And, for One or Other of theſe Reaſons, 'tis admitted almoſt into Every Part of the Verſe, and often follow'd or preceded by thoſe Long and *Spondaïc* Sounds, which form the One or the Other of thoſe Ancient *Ionic* Movements.

We may ſee an * Inſtance in PARADISE LOST, B. III. when the Devil firſt enters the New Creation in Queſt of our World.

* See alſo *Par. Regain'd*, B. iv. V. 1.—And ſtrait a fiery Globe—Of Angels on Full Sail——to Ver. 587.—On a Green Bank.

Round he Surveys—ănd well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling Canŏpy
Of Night's extended Shade; from Eaſtern Point
Of Libră tŏ the fleecy Star that bears
Andromĕdă far off Atlantic Seas
Beyond th' Horizon: Then from Pole to Pole
He views in breadth; ănd withoūt Lōnger Pauſe
Dōwnrīght ĭntŏ the World's Firſt Region throws
His Flight præcipĭtănt—and windes with Eaſe,
Thrŏ' thĕ Pūre Márble Air, his oblique Way
Amongſt innŭmĕrăble Stars—that ſhon
Stars, diſtănt—bŭt nīgh hănd ſeem'd other Worlds.
Or other Worlds they ſeem'd, or Happy Iſles;
Fortunate Fields and Groves and Floury Vales;
Thrice Happy Iſles, but who dwelt Happy There
He ſtay'd nŏt tŏ enquire—

Here we ſee the *Pyrrichius*, as to Reäl Quantity of Time a leaſt, every where introduc'd, and with Advantage. Every one feel it when he reads

ănd withoūt Longer Pauſe
Dōwnrīght ĭntŏ the World's Firſt Region throws
His Flight præcipĭtănt—and windes with Eaſe,
Thrŏ' thĕ Pure Márble Air, his oblique Way.

And where, in the very run of the Verſe,

He ſtay'd nŏt tŏ enquire—

In moſt of Theſe Inſtances the Defect of Time is, in ſome meaſur ſupply'd by a Stronger or Weaker Accent: Where it is not, the Ple ſure of the Ear muſt yield to the Greater Pleaſure of the Mind, a the Smoothneſs of the Verſe to the Propriety and Power of Numbers

But how Agreeable ſoëver theſe Imperfect Meaſures may be to the *Engliſh*, or were to the *Ionians*; they ſeem'd ſo Unnatural or Unmuſical to the *Latins*, that HORACE (the *Numeroſus Horatius* as OVID calls him) has been obſerv'd, in all the Variety of his Odes, to have left us but one Single Inſtance of theſe kind of Numbers, and This only of the Former Sort.

Miſĕrārum ēſt | nĕque ămōrī | dārĕ lūdūm.

HOR. Lib. 3. Ode 12.

Tho' to an *Engliſh* Ear, that diſtinguiſhes not the Time in the Firſt or Third Syllables, but governs itſelf by the Accent alone, they would be All *Trochaïc* and Agreeable Sounds, eſpecially if we were to diſtribute Each *Ionic* into a ſeveral Line, or *Rhythmus*, as in the following Verſe,

Tibĭ quălūm
Cўthĕrĕæ
Pŭĕr ălĕs. HOR.

For what Modern Ear finds any thing leſs Harmonious in Thoſe, than in Theſe which follow, and are Regular *Trochaics*?

Parce nunc Horatiano
Alligare Verba nodo:
Parce: Molliora blandi
Quære plectra Claudiani.

But Such a Liberty of introducing Imperfect Meaſures is ſtill Greater, and even Neceſſary in Proſe to diſtinguiſh it from Verſe. For Here, in the Judgment of ARISTOTLE, the Movements ought to be neither as One to One in the Graver Meaſures, nor as Two to One in the Sharper or Lighter Airs, * but in the [*Seſquialteral*] Proportion of Two to Three: for of ſuch Movements, *ſaith he*, no Verſe can ĕvĕr bĕ form'd.

* *Ariſtotle's* Rhet. L. iii. Cap. 8.

And theſe Movements are call'd the *Pæan Prior* and *Poſterior*, and are compounded, the Firſt of the *Trochee* and *Pyrrichius*, ⏑ – | ⏑ ⏑ | proper eſpecially for the beginning of a Sentence; the Latter of the *Pyrrichius* and *Iambic*, ⏑ ⏑ | ⏑ – | preferr'd for the Fuller and more Perfect Cloſe.

And how naturally we fall into Such Movements unawares to ourſelves, and without Deſign, the Reader may ſee an Inſtance in the Beginning and Cloſe of the very Firſt Sentence in this Eſſay; or he may read the following remarkable Period that concludes Mr. MILTON's Letter to Mr. HARTLIBB on Education.

" Only I believe that this is not a Bow, for every one to ſhoot " in that counts himſelf a Teacher; but will require Sinews almoſt " equal to Thoſe which HOMER gave ULYSSES: Yet I am withal per- " ſwaded that it may prove much more eaſy in the Aſſay, than it " now ſeems at diſtance, and much more illuſtrious: howbeit not " more difficult than I imagine; and That Imagination pre- " ſents me with Nothing, but very Happy and very Poſſible, if " GOD have ſo decreed; and This Age have Spirit and Capacity " enough to apprehend."

Yet in Theſe kind of Cloſes in our own Language the Author is very often at the Mercy of the Reader, who, by making the inſenſible Pauſes at places he is not aware of, may run into the very Fault

Theſe Numbers were intended to avoid.

Dwell *(e. g.)* on the Sound of the word were, and theſe Ten Syllables will form an *Engliſh Iambic*, tho' they cloſe with the *Pæan Poſterior*.

Nor had MILTON, probably, any intention of ſuch a Cloſe: At leaſt He was not always thus Scrupulous or Nice: For how different is the Concluſion of Another and very Beautiful Sentence in the Same Letter, which I ſhall tranſcribe as an equal Inſtance both of the *Sweetneſs* and *Propriety* of Sounds.

" I ſhall detain you no longer, *(ſaith He)* in the Demonſtration " of what we ſhould Not do, but ſtrait conduct ye to a Hill Side, " where

" where I will point ye out the Right Path of a Noble and Vir-
" tuous Education; Laborious, indeed, at the Firſt Aſcent, but elſe
" Sō Smooth, Sō Greēn, Sō Fūll ŏf Goōdly Prōſpĕct and mĕlōdioŭs
" Soūnds ŏn ēvĕrў Sīde, thăt thĕ Hārp ŏf ORPHEUS wās nŏt mōre
" chārmĭng."

A very agreeable Cloſe, if the Ear itſelf măy bĕ thĕ Jūdge.

Nor did the Ancient Orators confine themſelves to ſuch rigid Laws, or imagine that no other Numbers were to be us'd in Proſe but what were impoſſible to enter into any Species of Verſe; and if ſuch Numbers were always a Fault, 'tis a Fault, in the Opinion of QUINTILIAN, impoſſible to be avoided, L. ix. C. 4. And CICERO gives it as an Obſervation of THEOPHRASTUS, that in Every Oration form'd with Art, and in Every well-turn'd and Numerous Period, You will find the manifeſt Traces of the *Dithyrambic* Poëms, to ſome or other of whoſe various kinds of Verſe, the Members of it may be easīlў rĕdūc'd. And

This I imagine is what we generally aim at in our FUNERAL EPITAPHS and PUBLIC INSCRIPTIONS; where the Meaſures, how unequal ſoëver, are yet all intended to anſwer, and, as I may ſay, *rhime* to one another in certain Numbers, which are a kind of Middle between Verſe and Proſe; and in which there is to be Nothing Abrupt and Sudden, Nothing Harſh or Unharmonious.

§. IV.

A PERIOD, indeed, with the *Grammarians*, is ſuch a Number of Words as contains an entire Senſe; and which therefore in *Engliſh* we call a SENTENCE.

But with the *Rhetoricians* it means, a JUST, a VARIOUS, and an HARMONIOUS [ROUND or] COMPASS of WORDS.

A JUST PERIOD is That which *Pleaſes* at once and *Fills* the Ear.

The Ear is *Pleās'd* with thĕ Sweētnĕſs ănd Flōw ŏf thĕ Numbers: and is *Fill'd* with Sounds that impreſs it with an Air of Dignity and Greatneſs: or, that riſe, ſupport and follow one another in Such

Such an Orderly and Eaſy Succeſſion, as ſhall exerciſe at once and engage its Attention, without Confounding or Exhauſting of it.

The Several Parts of a *Juſt Period* are diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of COLONS and COMMAS.

The COLONS are the Larger Members: Theſe contain, indeed, an Entire Senſe by Themſelves: After which yet the Ear expects Something more to follow, which may gracefully cloſe and compleat the Sentence.

The COMMAS are the Leſſer Breaks and Pauſes, conſiſting of Such a Number of Words, of Such a Quantity of Time, as may be pronounc'd with the eaſieſt Breath, and the moſt agreeable Riſe and Fall of the Voice: And the more Eaſy the Cadence, the more Juſt the Members, and the more Full and Perfect is the Cloſe, the Rounder is the Period; and the more Sweet and Flowing, or Numeroüs, is the Stÿle.

But the utmoſt *Sweetneſs* cannot long pleaſe without *Variety*.

Variety ariſes from the different Length and Form of the Periods; the different Structure and Compoſition of the Parts; the different Quantity of Time in which they move; the Force of Conſonants or Sweetneſs of Vowels, choſen with Art, or ſuggeſted with Felicity, the ready Attendant on Art and Exerciſe: And a proper Mixture, Exchange, Agreement, or Oppoſition of Such a Variety of Parts, Sounds and Numbers; and ſometimes a Sudden and Seaſonable Start from all Rules to awaken Attention, or imitate the Paſſion, ſeems to be that HIDDEN SOUL OF HARMONY, as MILTON calls it, which ſecretly informs the whole Compoſure, and animates Every Word, and even Every Syllable in the Writings of the Ancients. They painted for Eternity; and their Works remain, and will remain, and be admir'd forever.

Add or diminiſh but a ſingle Sound, and you deſtroy the whole Effect of a Sentence on the Ear, and even on the Mind itſelf of the Hearer, or loſe at leaſt ſome Part of the GRACE or ENERGY of it.

LONGINUS

LONGINUS * has given us a remarkable Inſtance of this in a † Sentence of DEMOSTHENES, and the more remarkable by the Notes which

* *De Sublimitate*, Sect. 39, p. 214, *Lond.* 1743.

† Theſe are the Words here referr'd to; Τοῦτο * τὸ φορτικὸν μὲν τὸν τότε τῇ πόλει κίνδυνον ἐμποιῆσαν, ὡσπερ νέφος. Whoever ſhall think it worth the while to enter into all the Myſtery of theſe *Magic Sounds*, will diſcern, perhaps, by what Artifice and Power of Numbers this Great Orator could tranſport his Hearers into the very ſame Sentiments and Paſſions with Himſelf, and make them See, as it were, with their very Eyes the DANGER, the CLOUD rather, that hung over their City, *vaniſhing at once*, the Moment they came to a wiſe and vigorous Reſolution.

* Theſe Words are quoted from an *Oration of Demoſthenes*, Περὶ Συντάξεως, p. 114, of the *Oxford* Edition.

To make the *Engliſh* Reader Senſible in ſome Meaſure of This, He is to obſerve with *Quintilian*, that whatever we allow to Poetical Licenſe or Cuſtom in Verſe, yet in reality the Length of the Vowels determines the Length of every Syllable: and, as I may elſewhere have occaſion to take Notice, that the Voice, having once pronounc'd any Letter, repeats the Same with the greater Readineſs and Facility. Inſtead of remarking therefore, with *Longinus*, that the Movements are All *Dactylic*, that is, as *Dacier* juſtly explains it, are All *Dactyls* or *Anapeſts*, with ſome *Hypermeter* Syllables always allow'd in Proſe; if the Reader nicely examines This Sentence, He will find, that out of between ſeventy and eighty Letters there are only *Four* that are Long in their own Nature, tho' Some of the others are lengthened in *Four* Places by their Union into Diphthongs, which makes in All ſeven or eight Long Syllables out of Twenty-two, which is no more than are abſolutely neceſſary to give Force and Diſtinction to the Sounds; and that, excepting Vowels and half Vowels, there are only Two (other) Letters employ'd in the Whole Sentence, with the One or the Other of which, or Some Congenial Sound, Every Word, or almoſt Every Syllable begins, or might be made to begin by the Addreſs of the Orator: And once more, that, excepting the Principal Words, Thoſe I mean, upon which the Thought turns, and which are therefore deſervedly ſet alone and diſtinguiſh'd from the Reſt, all the Sounds that agree are conſtantly kept together, and the Sentence begins with the one, and concludes with the other: All which muſt needs give Such an Acceleration to the Voice, and Rapidity to the Pronunciation, as may give us Some Idea of the Methods by which thoſe *Demagogues* were able to lead the People whither they would by the mere Power of Sounds, either with or without Reaſon, to or againſt their true Intereſt.

And yet, were it not for the Authority of ſo Great a Critic as *Longinus*, and ſo Proper a Judge of the Beauty of Style in his own Language, I ſhould be ready to perſuade myſelf that it is not the general *Rapidity* only of the Whole Sentence, but the *Evaneſcence*, if I may ſo call it, of the Sounds that cloſe it with ſo peculiar a Propriety, to which the Effect they have upon the Hearer is principally to be aſcrib'd.

For, however to an *Engliſh* Ear, and in our Preſent manner of Pronunciation, this Sentence may ſeem to end with the Double *Trochee*,

ὥσπερ νέφος,

it did not ſo to the Ears, or on the Tongue of the *Ancients*; but the Three Laſt Sounds were all equally Short, and pronounc'd in the Same Time; and the Accent gave Diſtinction indeed to the Sound, but added Nothing to the Length. And the more the Voice reſts or dwells on the very Long and Accenſed Sound which is the *Fourth* from the End, the more *Evaneſcent* will the Three that follow appear, and

which he has made upon it: the wonderful Effect of which is yet not owing, as I imagine, merely or principally to the *Beauty* or *Majeſty*

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and the more Suddenly would the Cloud diſperſe and vaniſh together with the Breath that ſo abruptly concludes the Sentence. So that this Period appears to Me an Inſtance, not ſo much of the *Beauty*, as the *Power* of *Numbers*, for which, and for which only, *Demoſthenes* was remarkable. For the Movement which concludes, and which is no other than the *Pæan prior*, is the very Reverſe of That, which the Ear and the *Rhetoricians* demand at the Cloſe.

That the *Engliſh* Reader Here may judge for Himſelf, I ſhall give him both the Letters and the Time, in This celebrated Sentence, in Characters known and familiar to him.

◇ ♩ ♩ ◇ ♩ ♩ ◇ ♩ ♩ ◇ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

Tou-To To Pſee-phiſ-ma Ton, To-Te Tee Po-lei Pe-ris-tan-ta,

◇ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ◇ ♩ ♩ ◇ ♩ ◇ ♩ ♩ ♩

Kin-du-non, Pa-rel-thein E-poi-ee-ſen Hoſ-per Ne-phos.

Where alſo we may obſerve, that as the Syllables generally begin with the Same *Mutes*, ſo they end with the Same *Liquid*, where they end not with a *Vowel*. *Ton periſtanta kinduron parelthein epoieeſen.*

But to explain the Thought of *Longinus*, I ſhall give alſo a View of the *Dactylic* Numbers, as they are repreſented by *Dacier*, and as they will appear the more unqueſtionaby Such in the *Reading* of Another Ancient Critic, who alſo has quoted them.

Toūtŏ tŏ | Pſeē-phĭſmă | Tōn tŏtĕ | Teē pŏleĭ | ĕpĭōn[ta] Kĭn-dŭnŏn | părĕltheīn | ĕpoĭeē[ſen] hōſpĕr Nĕphŏs.

And thus much may Suffice to have ſaid concerning a Paſſage ſo much admir'd by the *Ancients*, and written in the moſt Copious, the moſt Flowing, and the moſt Manageable Language with which the Learned World is acquainted: But to ſhew what our own Language is capable of in the hands of Thoſe who underſtand the Power of Sounds to convey Idéas, I ſhall give my Reader the Pleaſure of comparing with This Sentence of *Demoſthenes* the Lines which He will find in the *Fairy Queen* of *Spenſer*, B. iv. C. 7. §. 21. In which the Chaſte, but Coquette and Courtly *Amoret* is deſcrib'd as in utmoſt danger of her Virtue by venturing too far, and is hurried by the Satyr into his Den, till awaken'd by the Horror of the Place and the Villain, ſhe ſtarts up in haſte to have made her Eſcape.

Bút ăftĕr hĕr fŭll líghtlў hĕ ŭprōſe;
And Her Purſu'd as faſt as ſhe did Fly:

Full faſt She Flies, and Far a-fore him goes;
Ne Feels the Thorns and Thickets prick her ten-der Toes.

And

Majeſty of the *Numbers*, which, as he ſays, are All *Dactylic*, or *Heroic*, but to the *Propriety* rather, or *Rapidity* of them.

And as to the GRACE or HARMONY of Compoſition, we may judge how Nice the Ears of the Ancients were, by an Obſervation which QUINTILIAN has made on the agreeable Addition of an *Expletive* only in One or Two Paſſages in CICERO. "He might have "ſaid Nos IPSOS: but it is Sweeter, methinks, as He has put "it, NOSMET IPSOS." For this, if I remember right, is a Reflection He Somewhere makes. However, L. ix. C. 4. He cites theſe Words, *Hunc per Hoſce dies Sermonem Vulgi fuiſſe*; and adds, why HOSCE rather than Hos? *neque enim erat aſperum.* "*Rationem fortaſſe non* "*reddam, ſentiam eſſe melius.*" I may not be able to give a Reaſon for it, but I plainly *feel* it to be better.

And He obſerves, upon the Same Occaſion, that there are *Expletive* Sentences as well as *Particles*: Such as are Neceſſary to the Ear, where they are not Neceſſary to the Senſe; or rather, that are not Neceſſary to the Senſe, and yet may be Neceſſary to the Hearer, that He may

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And by Such Sounds, whether he will or no, the Imagination of the Reader is hurried along together with the Virgin and her Purſuer.

And by the Same Artifice it is, that we find ourſelves tranſported with the Body of our SAVIOUR, in a Moment of Time, from the Wilderneſs of *Judæa* into *Aſſyria*, while the Devil, in the Boaſt of ſuch Power, cries out

Well ha' we ſpeed-ed, and ore Hill and Dale,
Foreſt and Field and Flood, Temples and Tow'rs,
Cut ſhorter many a League—

Where the Time is perpetually accelerated by the Shorteſt *Vowels*, the Sweeteſt *Liquids*, the Repetition of the Same *Mutes*, and theſe kept together where they agree, and by avoiding at the Same time All *Spondaic* Sounds, and introducing every where, in their Stead, the *Pyrrichius*, the *Tribrachus* and the *Trochee*. For thus it will appear to every Ear that does not confound *Time* and *Accent*. I know not whether it were with Deſign, or by Accident only, that the *Same Mutes* are employ'd by Both theſe Poëts to the *Same Purpoſe* with the Paſſage cited from the *Orator*.

receive with Delight, and retain forever the Truths ſo artfully and ſtrongly impreſs'd upon his Mind.

This, at leaſt, appears to be the perpetual Practice of Heavenly Wiſdom in the *Pſalms* and in the *Prophets*.

Thus the 49th and the 78th Pſalms begin:

1. *Give Ear, O my People, to my Law:*
Incline your Ears to the Words of my Mouth.
2. *I will open my mouth in a Parable:*
I will utter dark Sayings of old.

And thus the Prophecy of ISAIAH opens:

Hear, O Heavens, and give Ear, O Earth!
The Ox knoweth his Owner,
And the Aſs his Maſter's Crib;
But ISRAEL *does not know,*
My PEOPLE *does not conſider*, &c.

And by This you will be able to judge of the Cenſure which is paſs'd by ſome Modern *Critics* on thoſe Little, and, as they are ready to imagine, Inſignificant Parts of Speech, which yet are Real Beauties, and had Real Effects in the Compoſitions of the Ancients.

Nor is the Genius of One Language to be meaſur'd by Another. And yet, even in our Own Language, one of the ſmootheſt and moſt unaffected of our Writers has thought it wrong to reject altogether the Practice of our Fathers in This reſpect; and ſweetens the Sound, or adds to the Grace and Force of many of our Verbs by the very ſame Artifice.

To this purpoſe you may obſerve, that wherever, in any Sentence, ſeveral others, and leſs principal, lead you on to ONE SINGLE VERB, in which all the Reſt do centre and terminate; This Verb is diſtinguiſhed from all that precede it, if I may uſe Such an Expreſſion, by an Emphatical *Expletive*, and This without the Intervention of any other Word, as is generally us'd. Thus in his Laſt Sermon,

Sermon, "If any thing, *ſaith He*, that is Bad, begin to be in faſhion, "and to have the Countenance of Great Examples; if Thoſe, whom "we fear, and upon whom we depend, DO diſcover any Inclination "That way, &c.

And, at other times, 'tis us'd by him to avoid the Concurrence of Sounds, that ought never to come together. For

It would have offended the Ear of a TILLOTSON to have ſaid *We wilfully*: He ſeparates therefore the Diſagreeable Sounds, and chooſes to ſay, in his Diſcourſe on the Sacrament, And We DO wilfully neglect, &c. with the Same Judgment, and for the Same Reaſon, as the Tranſlators of the New Teſtament render the Words in the Tenth of LUKE, Ver. 11. *Even the very Duſt of your City, We* DO *wipe off againſt You*, not *we wipe*, in Sounds ſo ready to run into one another, and that muſt be kept aſunder by a kind of Painful Diſtinction and Pauſe of the Voice.

In like manner, in the Same Diſcourſe, tho' we generally ſay in common Converſation, *make 'em fly, &c.* He chooſes to ſay TO *fly*, TO *meet*, and the like. And This is his uſual Practice, to introduce as many Sweet and Eaſy Sounds, as the Genius of our Tongue will allow, into a Language, which, by the Negligence of many Writers, ſeems to abound too much in Thoſe which are Harſh and Heavy. Thus, how agreeable to the Ear are the following Lines of Mr. DRYDEN, and how ſwiftly do they ſlide off the Tongue, tho' the Firſt of 'em conſiſts entirely of Monoſyllables, and much of the Second.

Thĕ Fīrſt tŏ leād thĕ Wāy, tŏ tēmpt thĕ Floōd,
Tŏ pāſs thĕ Bridge [unknown,] nŏr feār thĕ trēmbling Woōd.

§. V.

As FEET and NUMBERS, or RHYTHMUS, are Sometimes diſtinguiſhed, and Sometimes mean the Same thing, becauſe the General Quantity of Time may be the Same, where the ORDER is chang'd and even revers'd, ſo it is with RHYME and NUMBERS. For what the *Latins* call NUMBERS, the *Greeks* generally expreſs by RHYTHMUS. So far, at leaſt, as concerns the *Grace* and *Smoothneſs* of Compoſition; but, unleſs I am miſtaken, ſo far only. For, on ſome

Occaſions, a noble Neglect of the NUMBERS, that is, of the RHYTHMUS, ſhews ſo much the more plainly the irreſiſtible *Force* or *Power* of NUMBERS. For when it was obſerv'd that * DEMOSTHENES could never have been ſaid to have THUNDER'D and LIGHTEN'D in his ORATIONS, if he had not *wreath'd* and *darted* the *Bolt* in NUMBERS; if you mean in RHYME, ſays QUINTILIAN, I utterly diſſent.

And This very Paſſage MILTON ſeems to have in his Eye, when he introduces SATAN recommending to our SAVIOUR the Study and Reading of the ATHENIAN ORATORS,

" Thoſe Ancient—whoſe reſiſtleſs Elŏquĕnce
" Wiélded at will that Fiérce *Demócrătie*,
" Shoōk th' Arsĕnal, and fúlmĭn'd ŏvĕr *Greēce*
" Tŏ *Mácĕdŏn* and *Artaxérxes'* Thrōne.

PARADISE REGAIN'D, B. iv. Ver. 268.

The haſty Changes of whoſe Paſſions and Counſels he has here deſcribed in the very Movements of his Verſe; at the ſame time expreſſing the *Vim* DEMOSTHENIS, the *Force* or *Vehemence* of DEMOSTHENES, in the mere *Situation* of the Words *Fierce* and *Reſiſtleſs*, with an equal Burſt of Thunder Shaking the Arſenal, and Lightning at once over *Greece* to *Macedon* and the diſtant Throne of ARTAXERXES; that is, in the Apprehenſion of thoſe Ages, from one End of the Earth to another, with a Like *Vehemence*, *Propriety*, and *Rapidity* of Numbers. And to ſuch Purpoſes NUMBERS and RHYTHMUS are to be carefully diſtinguiſh'd, which are frequently us'd as equivalent Expreſſions. And in no other Senſe can I conceive the SMOOTHER OVID to give to HORACE the Praiſe of a NUMEROUS Writer,

Sæpe tenet noſtras NUMEROSUS HORATIUS *aures.*

* *Neque enim* DEMOSTHENES *fulmina tantopere vibraſſe diceretur, niſi Numeris contorta ferrentur, in quo, ſi hoc ſentimus Rhythmis contorta*, diſſentio. Compare this with what he ſays a little after, where he tells us that the Ears LENIBUS *mulcentur*, CONTORTIS *excitantur*. The Ears are *ſooth'd* or *lull'd* with the *Sweetneſs*, but are *rais'd* and *awaken'd* with the *Roughneſs* and *Abruptneſs* of the *Sounds*. Nor was DEMOSTHENES famous for the *Smoothneſs*, but for the *Propriety* and *Power* of Numbers.

In

In any other Senſe of the Word, I imagine others of his Tranſlators may have the Vanity of LA MOTTE, to fancy that if they come ſhort of their Author in other reſpects, they excell him, at leaſt, in the *Regularity* and *Smoothneſs* of the *Numbers*; eſpecially They who attempt his *Satires* and *Sermones*, to which yet, perhaps, there is Nothing Equal, Nothing Superior at leaſt, in Any Language, if you regard the *Variety* and *Power* of the *Numbers*.

§. VI.

But tho' NUMBERS and RHYTHMUS are frequently us'd promiſcuouſly by the Ancients, there is another very different thing from either, which is known among the Moderns by the Name of RIME; ſo call'd, in the opinion of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, not from the *Greek* RHYTHMUS, but as a Corruption of the Word RUNE. And RIMERS with Him are no other than RUNERS, the Name which he gives to the Poëts of the *Gothic* or *Northern* Nations. But becauſe the Verſes in the *Gothic* Compoſitions, which were chiefly diſtinguiſh'd by the Like Endings, conſiſted, or ſeem, at leaſt, intended to conſiſt, of a Certain Quantity of Time, or Number of Equal Syllables, I rather think the Cloſes of the RHYTHMI, which anſwer'd each other, came to be firſt called by the Name of RHYMES. However This be, MILTON alſo, as if he thought it had no more relation to the RHYTHMUS of the Ancients in Etymology than it has in reäl Beauty, wherever he ſpeaks of it, conſtantly ſpells it RIME, without the *H*, in all the Editions of his Works which were corrected by himſelf, when he means by it the *Jingling Sound of Like Endings*; and ſo he ſpells it *five* times in the ſhort Account of the Verſe, prefixt to the *later* Copies of the FIRST EDITION of PARADISE LOST, added at the requeſt of the Bookſeller, and again in the SECOND: But his own Immortal Poëm is written properly in RHYME, as it ſtands fairly printed in all the Three Firſt Editions of PARADISE LOST, B. i. Ver. 16.

But a late inſolent Editor, equally remarkable for his Dogmatical Temerity, and his Taſteleſs Notes on This Poëm, having firſt corrupted the Text of his Author, [and confounded *Rhyme* and *Rime*, which the Author had ſo induſtriouſly diſtinguiſhed] tells us, 'tis odd that MILTON ſhould put *Rime* here as equivalent to *Verſe*, when he had juſt before declar'd againſt *Rhyme* as no true Ornament to *Verſe*;

A Decla-

A Declaration impoſſible for MILTON to have made. His Poëm therefore is written in RHYME, in the Same Senſe, and Manner, in which the Same Word is us'd in his LYCIDAS, a Paſtoral Ode ſo remarkable for the Variety and Power of Numbers, as well as for every other Beauty.

> Who wou'd not ſing for LYCIDAS? He knew
> Himſelf to ſing, and build the Lofty RHYME.

To write in RHYME then is to write in *Number* and in *Meaſure*; or, in the words of his Friend MARVEL,

> In NUMBER, WEIGHT and MEASURE——

Alluding to a Text, if I miſtake not, in the *Apocrypha* *, and perhaps to a Paſſage in CICERO, who obſerves that if you examine Two Sentences or Movements by the mere Number of the Syllables, or meaſure 'em by the uſual Rules of Quantity [eſpecially among the Poëts] they will not be the ſame either in *Number* or in *Meaſure*, and yet may have the Same Effect upon the Ear, the Niceſt and Sureſt Judge, according to this Great Author. Thus *Præſidii aut*, (this is the Inſtance he gives) are Five Syllables in *Number* in the uſual Computation, and yet they are but Three Syllables in *Weight*, that is, in reäl Quantity of Time or Meaſure to the Ear: For thus a certain Orator, he tells us, began his Speech with the CRETICUS, that is, with a Long, a Short, and a Long Syllable, four times repeated,

Quīd pĕtām | præsĭdii aūt | ēxĕquār | quōvĕ nūnc |

Where it is evident that *Præſidii aut* was pronounc'd *Præsĭd-aūt*, or rather, *Præsĭd-yaūt*. So different was the Ancient from the Modern Pronunciation. And, therefore, (whether it were by Chance or with Deſign,) when QUINTILIAN had made the like Obſervation, He gives the very ſame Word for an Example. Every One knows that *Præsĭdium ēſt* is with the Poëts a Regular Cloſe of a *Pentameter* Verſe, which ends with an *Anapæſt*; And conſequently the Four laſt Syllables are to the Ear only Three; *Nam Synalœphe facit*, (ſaith he) *ut ultimæ Syllabæ pro Una ſonent*: Lib. ix. C. 4. P. 453.

* Book of *Wiſdom*, xi. 20.

It

It appears by comparing theſe Two Paſſages in CICERO and QUINTILIAN, that in pronuncing of *Præſidium aut*, it was doubtful whether *three* or *four* Syllables were heard; For *Præſidii aut* are but *three* Syllables with CICERO. But *Præſidium eſt* are *four* with QUINTILIAN, and could not be leſs when it cloſed a *Pentameter*; perhaps by a Poëtical Licence.

RHYME then may be allow'd to be Common to *Proſe* and *Verſe*, and yet *Proſe* and *Rhyme* may be diſtinguiſh'd. And thus HORACE ſeems to diſtinguiſh 'em,

— — — — — — — — — *pede* CERTO
Differt Sermoni Sermo MERUS—

HOR. Lib. i. Sat. 4. Ver. 47.

In VERSE 'tis Emphatically RHYME, and This determin'd to a Peculiar kind of Harmony.

This in PROSE would be Abſurd and Unnatural, if frequently us'd, or plainly affected: And therefore is ſometimes artfully choſen, and ſometimes as carefully avoided, leſt the Art or Affectation ſhould appear.

" Then was the War ſhiver'd, ſaith MILTON, into ſmall Frays " and Bickerings,

" At Wood or Waters,
" As Chance or Valor,
" Advice or Raſhneſs
léd 'em ón;
" Commanded, or without Command.

Every one of the cloſing Commas in this Sentence is a JUST and MEASUR'D NUMBER of Agreeable Sounds, which may be pronounc'd at one eaſy Breath, and the whole Sentence at one Reſpiration: And the Time in which each correſponding RHYTHMUS may be pronounc'd is nearly the SAME, and gives therefore a kind of Muſical Delight to the Ear; and yet the Varying of the RHYTHMI, and the FREER SOUNDS that introduce 'em, do ſufficiently diſtinguiſh 'em from Verſe.

And

And This is the Reaſon, that how Numerous ſoever the *Rhetoricians* require the Style ſhould be even in PROSE itſelf, yet PROSE and NUMBERS may be juſtly diſtinguiſh'd, and even oppos'd to one another. And thus they are plainly diſtinguiſh'd from each other by CICERO, when he ſaith, *Adjunxit primus Numeros verbis ſolutis Iſocrates.*

However, as ſoon as This Muſical Delight was felt in Proſe, or Common Converſation, the Reaſon was enquir'd, and the Pleaſure began to be imitated in Numbers which ſhould give it CERTAINLY and CONSTANTLY: For all Numbers, if I may ſo ſpeak, are not Numerous, that is, are not [equally] Harmonious.

Therefore Fit Quantity of Syllables, or Sounds whoſe Meaſure of Time ſhould be Equal or nearly Equal to one another, either in the Same or a Different Number of Syllables, were more induſtriouſly to be ſought by Thoſe who intended to write in Verſe; and with the greater Exactneſs, Felicity, and Variety they were choſen, the Greater was the Harmony.

What other Accounts ſoëver the Learned have been pleas'd to give us, This ſeems the True Original of Verſe; nor did the moſt Ancient Poëtry, perhaps, proceed any further. See *Geneſis* iv. 23, 24. And the xlix throughout, particularly Ver. 6, 7.

See alſo, to the Same purpoſe, the PARABLES, as they are call'd, of BALAAM, the SONG of DEBORAH, the Book of JOB, the PSALMS and the PROPHETS, wherever the Tranſlators have been able to give us any Idéa of the Muſic and Spirit, as well as of the Senſe of thoſe Ancient and Beautiful Compoſitions; to which Nothing, I perſuade myſelf, would appear to be equal among the Nobleſt of all the *Greek* and *Latin Lyrics*, were they to be ſubject to the Same *Verbal* Tranſlations.

I will tranſcribe only one Paſſage to This Purpoſe, HAB. iii. 3.

GOD *came from* Teman;
The Holy One from Mount Paran:
His Glory cover'd the Heavens;
And the Earth was full of his Praiſe:

Before

Before him went the PESTILENCE;
Behind him the BURNING FEVER:
He ſtood, and meaſur'd the Earth;
He beheld, and drove aſunder the Nations.

Who would wiſh for other Numbers, or hope to equal 'em in *Rime* and *Metre*?

And thus far may be allow'd in *Poëtry*: But Such Numbers are not to be frequently admitted into *Proſe*.

But to ſhew that it is not incapable of it, even in our own Language, and to render what I have ſaid more ſenſible to a Common Reader, I ſhall tranſcribe the following RHYTHMI, in which a celebrated Writer, cotemporary with MILTON, not otherwiſe famous for the Beauty of his Style, cloſes his Account of the Mental Prayer of the Myſtical Divines, or, as they are now call'd, the QUIETISTS,

" A kind of Purgatory it is in Devotion;
" Something out of THIS World, and not in ANOTHER;
" Above the Earth, and beneath Heaven;
" Where we will leave it in Clouds and Darkneſs.

If you examine the Two Firſt of Theſe RHYTHMI, you will find the TIME indeed to be differently diſpos'd, by which it is ſufficiently diſtinguiſh'd from Verſe: and yet the QUANTITY, upon the whole, to be exactly the Same in Both, and to have therefore the Same Effect upon the Ear; that there is a Great Regularity, and yet a Pleaſing Variety in the RHYTHMUS that follows; and that the Laſt Line *rhymes*, that is, *correſponds* and *anſwers* to the Two Firſt, in *Times* that are Proportional and nearly Equal, tho' the Movements are otherwiſe entirely different; and conſiſts of Two *Dactyles*, clos'd in the moſt Graceful and Agreeable manner with the *Dichoræus* or Double *Trochee*.

§. VII.

GORGIAS is the Firſt, among the *Greeks*, who is mention'd to have introduc'd the Harmony of Numbers into Proſe, and to have practis'd This Art with the Greateſt Admiration of the Greateſt and Po-

liteſt Aſſembly in the World: And his Scholar ISOCRATES, the Firſt who publickly initiated Diſciples into This Myſtery, (for This is all that CICERO can be ſuppoſed to intend in the Words we have lately mentioned,) the Same who is reported to have labour'd, for ten or fifteen Years together, a very ſhort *Paræneſis*, or *Perſuaſive* to the various and divided States of *Greece*, to have Peace at home, and War abroad, that by the perpetual Charms and Graces of ſuch a Diſcourſe, they might be allur'd to read often and with Pleaſure, what it was of utmoſt Importance to 'em to read and conſider forever.

But whatever Applauſe This Author might receive among his Scholars, or the *Grammarians*, it muſt be own'd, that Periods form'd with ſuch manifeſt Art, if frequently repeated, are juſtly condemn'd. They are improper either to Convince or Perſuade. You appear to be only acting a Part and diſplaying your Talents: and the Reader, as ARISTOTLE has obſerved, ſtands ready to beat Time to your Meaſure; and, at the Beginning of each Labour'd RHYTHMUS, is beforehand with you, and preparing for the Cloſe.

And when this Humour of Eternal Harmony had infected the Later *Romans*, PERSIUS makes himſelf merry with the Impertinence of an ORATOR, who was much more ſolicitous to adjuſt, or, in his own Language, to *pare*, and to *poize* his Periods, than to do Juſtice to his Client.

Fur es, ait PEDIO: PEDIUS *quid? Crimina* RASIS
LIBRAT *in* ANTITHETIS—
Sat. i. Ver. 85.

And we may obſerve the Difference between an Affected, and a Native Eloquence in the Speeches of the Orator TERTULLUS and the Apoſtle of the *Gentiles*, which St. LUKE has taken Care to preſerve in the 24th and 26th Chapters of his *Acts* of the *Apoſtles*. For thus the Formal Orator begins his Harangue.

" *Seeing that by Thee we enjoy Great Quietneſs, and that very Wor-*
" *thy Deeds are done to this Nation by thy Providence,*

" *We accept it* ALWAYS,
" *And in* ALL *Places,*

" *Mo*

" *Moſt noble* FELIX,
" *With ALL Thankfulneſs.*

Πάντη τε καὶ Πανταχοῦ ἀποδεχόμεθα,
Κράτιστε Φῆλιξ, μετὰ Πάσης εὐχαριστίας.

How different does the Addreſs of the Apoſtle appear, when yet the Like Sounds are, in Like Manner, repeated by him, with equal Effect on the Mind, and Pleaſure to the Ear!

For when (after the noble Apology he had made for himſelf, his wonderful Account of his own Converſion, of the Faith of the Reſurrection of the Dead in general, according to the Scriptures, and the Credibility of the Reſurrection of JESUS in particular,) he turns himſelf at laſt directly to AGRIPPA, and ſaith,

King AGRIPPA! *believeſt thou the Prophets?*

And, entering into his very Heart and inmoſt Thoughts, ventures to make this Anſwer for him,

I know that Thou believeſt:

And when the King, hereupon, replies to him,

ALMOST *thou perſuadeſt me to be a Chriſtian:*

With how much of the *Orator*, as well as of the *Gentleman* and the *Chriſtian*, does he return his own Word upon him!

" *I wou'd to God, that not only* THOU, *but alſo* ALL *that hear me This*
" *Day, were both* ALMOST, *and* ALTOGETHER *ſuch as I am, except*
" THESE BONDS."

ACTS xxvi. 29.

Where we may obſerve either the Judgment, or the Felicity of the Tranſlation, in taking the Advantage of our own Language to preſerve the *Grace* at once and *Force* of the Original; the *Harmony* and the *Propriety* of it. The *Propriety*, in the *Long* and *Spondaïc* Sounds, which cloſe the Sentence, and fix the Attention of the Audience on the BONDS themſelves, which gave him the Handſome Occaſion of breath-

ing the Sincere and Ardent Deſires of his Soul to GOD, that not the King alone, but alſo *All*, who had heard him That Day, might be not only ALMOST, but ALTOGETHER ſuch as he was,

Παρεκὸς τῶν δεσμῶν ΤΟΥΤΩΝ.

And as for the *Harmony*, it aroſe out of the very Word which he returns upon the King: And therefore, how beautiful ſoëver the Repetition of it appears, it was not only *Natural* and *Unaffected*, but almoſt *Unavoidable*.

And theſe Two Inſtances of the like Kind may be ſufficient to convince us, that it is an equal Vice of the Mind forever to affect little Beauties, and forever to avoid 'em: Or rather, that there may be Occaſions when they are *Great* and *Reäl* Beauties; for Such they always are, when they have *Great* and *Reäl* Effects.

§. VIII.

In Modern Compoſitions 'tis thought ſufficient, in Proſe, if the Ear be not offended.

But among the Ancients, and even while Art was only call'd in to aſſiſt and regulate Nature, no leſs a Perſon than CICERO himſelf, believed the HARMONY as well as the PROPRIETY of Sounds to be of ſuch Importance to an Orator, as, in the height of all his Reputation for Eloquence, to place himſelf under the Inſtructions of a famous *Rhodian*, to acquire a ſtill greater Maſtery in This Powerful Art.

Now, according to the *Rules* of Theſe Maſters, the *Rules*, rather, of *Reaſon* and *Nature* itſelf, the Voice was not ordinarily to OPEN, to PROCEED, or to CLOSE in the Same Numbers.

The Intermediate Parts, indeed, or Body of the Sentence, as leſs remarkable, might be more neglected: On the other hand, the CLOSING Sounds, viz. Thoſe, which were chiefly deſign'd to *impreſs* and *remain* with the Hearer, were juſtly attended to with the greateſt Care: But They choſe to BEGIN with the *Graver* Meaſures and *Longer* Times, unleſs in the Caſe to which MILTON alludes in his PARADISE LOST, B. ix. Ver. 675, when the ORATOR,

" In

" In ſhew of Zeal, or, as to Paſſion mov'd,
" Sometimes in Height began—

That is, in Sounds the moſt proper to ſtrike, or to ſeize the Ear. Thus CICERO thunders at once in ſtrongeſt *Iambics* and *Anapæſts*, and flaſhes in the Face of Guilty CATILINE then in FULL SENATE Preſent before him.

Quŏūſquĕ tāndĕm abūtêre, CATILINA, *patientiâ noſtrâ? Nihĭlnĕ Tĕ nocturnum Præſidium Palatii? Nihĭl Urbis Vigiliæ? Nihĭl Timōr pŏpŭli! Nihĭl conſenſus Bonorum omnium? Nihĭl Hic munitiſſimus habendi Senatûs locus? Nihĭl ōra* * HORUM *Vultuſque moverunt?*

For it is evident that in the Uſe of this Movement you are able to give a ſtronger Accent to the Voice than in any other. It hās ăt ōnce ă Shārp ănd ă Sūddĕn Soūnd: Thĕ Sāme whĭch Mĕn ūſe whĕn thĕy poūr oūt ă Tōrrĕnt ŏf Wōrds in theĭr Anger.

'Twas ſuch a Reſentment as never had a Parallel in the World, before or ſince, (if we may judge by the terrible Effects of it,) which firſt inſpir'd the Invention of This Kind of Meaſure in Verſe, and rais'd it at once to ſuch a Perfection, as no Writer that follow'd was able to attain: So far does Nature carry us beyond the Power of Art and Imitation.

Archilochum PROPRIO *Rabies armavit* IAMBO.
HOR. de Arte Poëticâ, Ver. 79.

No wonder therefore that MILTON, who ſo well underſtood the Power of Numbers, as we may ſee almoſt in every Line of PARADISE LOST or REGAIN'D, makes us in the very Sound of the Words, to hear the Faln Archangel rouzing his Fellow-Devils from the Lake where they lay aſtoniſh'd; when SATAN calls, and the Poët gives the Relation of it almoſt all in Pureſt and Strongeſt *Iambics*:

" Awāke! Arīſe! or be Foréver Faln!
" Hĕ cāll'd sŏ loūd thăt āll thĕ hóllŏ' Deēp
" Of Héll rĕſoūnded—

* For in This Order I read the Words, with the Ancient Copies, to give the greater Pauſe and Emphaſis to Every Cloſing Word, but eſpecially to That, [HORUM,] in pronouncing of which he turn'd the Eyes of the Traitor to view and tremble at the Preſence and Countenances of the moſt Auguſt Aſſembly in the World.

And

And ſo many Genuine *Iämbics*, ſuch, I mean, as would have appear'd ſo to the Ears of an Ancient *Greek* or *Roman*, you will not eaſily find in ſuch a continued Succeſſion, either in This, or any other *Engliſh* Poët, except in Mr. DRYDEN: Or, if you do, 'tis in Affectation of *Smoothneſs*, rather than *Propriety*.

§. IX.

Upon all other Occaſions the Numbers, in Every Juſt Compoſition, will be as Various as the Paſſions and Idéas.

Which brings to my Mind the Remarks that were made ſome Years ago upon the Invocation or Argument to PARADISE LOST, where, for forty Lines together, the ſame Numbers, in every Reſpect, are hardly once repeated; as if the Author had intended to ſhew us, in the very Entrance of his Poëm, what an endleſs Variety we were to expect. But the Moment his Thoughts were fir'd with the Grandeur and Importance of his Subject; and he was to inſpire his Readers with a Sacred Indignation at the Pride and Ambition of SATAN; and at the Same time, to give us a dreadful View of his Fall and Puniſhment, the Numbers immediately change, or fix rather in one Impetuous Movement; and are all, tho' not Pure, yet properly and prevalently *Iämbic* for Twelve or Twenty Lines that follow, with hardly any Variation: Which ſhews the Care and Judgment, or rather the prodigious Genius and Felicity of MILTON, who could never think or write in any Meaſures, where the NUMBERS and the IDEAS ſhould ſhock and deſtroy each other.

For the Same Reaſon, where not STRENGTH, but SWEETNESS of SOUND is requir'd, and Numbers that lull and enchant the Mind; the Same Strong or Pure *Iämbics* are induſtriouſly avoided, and exchang'd for ſuch other Movements, as ſteal along more Soft and Silent, as far as the Law of *Iämbic* Meaſures will admit, and which may ſeem to reſemble the Muſic of the Spheres, the Muſic rather of Heav'n itſelf, where

— — — — — — — Hármŏnў
Sō Smoōthes hĕr Chārmĭng Tōnes, thăt Gōd's ōwn Eār
Líſtĕns dĕlīghted—

Or

Or the Ear of Man here on Earth,

— — — — whĕn Sīlĕnce yiēlds
Tŏ thĕ nīght-wārblĭng Bīrd, thăt, Nōw ăwāke,
Tūnes ſweētĕſt hĭs Lōve-lāboŭr'd Song—

In the Same manner, when his Lonely Forſaken Virgin ſings, in the Maſk,

Sweēt Eccho, Sweētĕſt Nymph—

Comus cries out, in the Same Solemn Tones,

Hōw Sweētlў dĭd theў floāt ŭpŏn thĕ Wīngs
Of Sīlence!
At ĕvĕrў Fāll Smoōthing the Rávĕn Dōwn
Of Dárknĕſs tĭll it ſmīl'd—
Sūch Soūnds ăs Thēſe wĭll tāke th' Enchānted Soūl,
And láp ĭt ĭn Elýſium—

But then, as in Singing, ſo in Reciting, every Syllable muſt have not only its Proper Accent, but its Juſt Length and Solemnity of Sound, ſuch as different Vowels or Diphthongs, and different Emotions of the Soul, do naturally give it: And That, in whatever Place of the Verſe we meet it. And This is the Great Advantage of the Admiſſion of Different and quite Contrary Movements into This kind of Verſe, to adapt it to all the Endleſs Variety of Paſſions and Idéas which we propoſe to excite in the Mind of the Reader. In the Active or Angry Parts of the Poëm, we expect the Force and Rapidity of the ſtrongeſt *Iambics:* But look over all the Hymns of Adam and Eve, or That of the Poët Himſelf to Wedded Love, or His Addreſſes to Light, or to Urania, and you will find the Same Strong *Iambics* as induſtriouſly avoided; and all is Slow and Solemn; in Airs that breathe or inspire Devotion: And the Grave and Sacred Spondees are the Sounds that juſtly prevail.

But to give you the Clearer Notion of what I intend, I will refer you only to one Paſſage, which I have particular Reaſon to mention.

Thámmŭz cāme néxt, bĕhīnd,
Whōſe ánnŭăl Woūnd ĭn *Lébănŏn* ăllūr'd
Thĕ *Sýrĭăn* Dámsĕls tŏ lăménт hĭs Fāte
In ámŏroŭs Dítties āll ă Súmmĕr's Dāy;
Whīle Smoōth *Adōnis* fróm hĭs nātĭve Róck
Rán Púrplĕ tó thĕ Seā—

PARADISE LOST, B. i. Ver. 446.

How different are Theſe from Thoſe Sounds we lately mention'd, addreſs'd to the Faln Angels by the Prince of Darkneſs, or Thoſe other in which a more Awful Power is introduc'd, when it had commanded

The Gúlph of *Tártarus* to ōpen wīde
His fíery Cháos to receīve their Fāll.
Sŏ ſpākè thĕ Sōv'răn Voĭce, ănd Cloūds bĕgăn
Tŏ dárkĕn All thĕ Hĭll; ănd Smoāk tŏ rōwle
In dúſkĭe wreāthes, rĕlúctănt Flāmes, thĕ Sīgn
Of Wrāuth ăwākt—

In Like Numbers, in the Relation of RAPHAEL, but with yet ſtronger and more remarkable Percuſſions on the Ear,

Sō—úndĕr fíĕrў Cōpe—tŏgéthĕr rúſh'd
Bōth Báttĕls maīne, wĭth rūĭnoŭs ăſſaūlt
And ínĕxtínguĭſhăblĕ Rāge—āll Heáv'n
Rĕſoūndĕd—

Which has made me wonder, Sir, to ſee (ſince my reading to you the Sudden Thoughts on the Variety of the Numbers in PARADISE LOST, which you have deſir'd me to tranſcribe,) the Lines, which I have mention'd above, produc'd by a * Learned and Ingenious Author, as an Inſtance of the SWEETNESS of *Iambic* Meaſures. The following Verſes are much more *Iambic*, but are they therefore SWEETER? I believe no body will ſay ſo. But they are, what they ſhould be, a Hideous Peal of Hoarſe and Barking Sounds, in Verſes otherwiſe ſufficiently Smooth.

* Dr. PEMBERTON's Obſervations on Poetry, p. 133.

— — — aboút her Míddle roúnd
A Crý of Héll-hounds never céaſing bark'd
With wíde *Cerberian* Moúths full loud—and rúng
A hídeous Peal—far léſs abhórr'd than Théſe
Vext SCYLLA, báthing in the Seá that parts
CalábRia fRom the hoáRſe *TRinácRian* ShóRe.
PARADISE LOST, B. ii. Ver. 653.

See the Like Inſtance of jarring Sounds, chiefly occaſion'd by the frequent Repetition of the Letter R, in B. vi. 206—211. And in VIRG. Æn. viii. 690, and in HOR. Epod. x. *per totam.*

And, indeed, the *Iämbic* Meaſures are rather *Smooth* than *Sweet*, and are choſen for the *Rapid*, or the *Stately Movement*, according as they are more or leſs Pure, that is, as they are more or leſs mixt with the *Dactyle*, the *Tribrachus* or *Trochee*; or with the Weighty and Majeſtic *Spondee*. See PARADISE LOST, B. i. 41—60.

Such a happy and well-choſen Variety we may obſerve in the following Lines.

Bŭt ſeē—thĕ ángrў Víctŏr hăs rĕcāll'd
Hīs Mínĭſtĕrs ŏf Véngeăncе ánd Pŭrſuīt
Back tŏ thĕ Gātes ŏf Heáv'n—thĕ Súlphŭroŭs Haīl
Shót áftĕr ŭs ĭn Stōrm, o'erblōwn, hăs laīd
Thĕ fíĕrў Súrge, that from thĕ Précĭpĭce
Of Heáv'n rĕceīv'd ŭs fāllĭng; ănd thĕ Thūndĕr,
Wĭng'd wĭth réd Líghtnĭng ănd ĭmpétŭoŭs Rāge,
Pĕrhaps hăs ſpént hĭs Shafts, ănd ceāsĕs Nōw
Tŏ béllŏw thró' thĕ Váſt ănd Boūndlĕſs Deēp.
PARADISE LOST, B. i. 169.

What Majeſty! what Rapidity! and, above all, what Propriety may we obſerve in Theſe Lines! Some of which, the Firſt and the Laſt particularly, are almoſt PURE IAMBICS; and yet I am much miſtaken, if there be, [as I am ſure there ought not to be,] any remarkable SWEETNESS in ANY of 'em.

What is it then, you will ſay, that gives us ſo ſenſible a Pleaſure when we read the Lines that relate to THAMMUZ or ADONIS? 'Tis becauſe the Melting Story is told all in LIQUIDS, that is, in Letters that melt in the Mouth: in well-vowel'd Syllables: in Numbers that SOOTH the Ear, and are as SOFT and GENTLE as the Tender Subject: in Smootheſt *Spondees*, I mean, tempered with the *Pyrrichius*, or enliven'd with the *Tribrachus*, the *Dactyle* or the *Anapæſt*: in which PUSHING NUMBER the Wound ſeems to be given, as the Damſels lament it in almoſt the only True or Genuine *Iambic*.

But whither have I ſuffer'd myſelf to be tranſported? For in all This I am ſenſible I am only anticipating Thoſe Remarks on the Numbers of MILTON, which were written ſome Years ago, and are now tranſcrib'd at your Repeated and Earneſt Requeſt.

POST-SCRIPT.

I Am aware, by a Paſſage, I have met with, ſince the writing of This, in a Profeſt Admirer of MILTON, that the Greateſt Part of Modern Readers, accuſtom'd to a Smooth and Unvaried Uniformity of Numbers, to reject every Syllable which they imagine to be Supernumerary, to lay a ſtrong Accent on every Even Syllable in the *Engliſh Heroic* Verſe, and taught thus, in the *Bentleian* manner,

— — — — — — — to ſcan,
With MIDAS' Ears, committing Short and Long:

Will be ready to wonder what I mean by all Theſe Citations from our Author? or to aſk where is the Beauty of 'em? And where, indeed, when you come to reduce 'em all to one and the ſame Movement, and to read

— — *Thămmúz* | came néxt | behínd |
Whoſe án|n'al Woúnd | in *Lé*|*banón* | allur'd |

The

The *Sýr*|*'an* Dám|ſels tó | lamént | his Fáte |
In ám|'rous Dít|ties áll | a Súm|mer's Dáy |

But what Monſters of Sound would *Ann'al* or *An-wal*, *Syr'an* or *Am'-rous* be? or does any one reälly pronounce any otherwiſe than *ánnŭăl*, *Sýrĭăn*, *ámŏroŭs*, in three ſhort, but diſtinct Syllables? why then does he ſuffer his *Eyes* to judge for his *Ears?* or ſuffer Words ſo agreeable in Sound to be written or printed in a manner he never pronounces? or who would dwell on a Sound naturally ſhort? or lay the Streſs of the Voice on an inconſiderable TO or THE, on pretence that the Laws of Verſification require it? or, by a more amazing Inattention, drop the very Sounds, to which the whole Beauty of the Numbers is owing, and the happy Imitation of Nature itſelf?

Take for example the following Verſe,

And thĕ ſhrĭll Soūnds rán écchŏĭng roūnd thĕ Woōds.

and I imagine you will preſently be ſenſible that they will neither be *ſhrill* nor *eccho* any longer, ſhould you read, or pronounce 'em,

And THÉ ſhrĭll Soūnds răn ecch'ing—

But 'tis the Happineſs of Authors that there are ſome Words Secure, by the very Difficulty of contracting 'em, from the Stupidity and Ignorance of Editors.

An APPENDIX to the preceding SECTION.

TO explain myſelf more fully on a Point, which I apprehend to be of ſo much Importance to the Beauty, Variety, and Power of Numbers in *Engliſh* Verſe, who can be inſenſible of the Agreeableneſs of the Sounds in the Two following Verſes; in the Firſt of which, there is not One Syllable, the laſt excepted, which is Long in its own Nature: But what is wanting in *Weight* is abundantly made up in

Number: For there are no leſs than Fourteen Syllables in it; but not One which the Ear can ſpare; or which does not add to the Pleaſure of the Sound,

And mănў ăn ámŏroŭs, mănў ă húmŏroŭs Lāy,
Whĭch mănў ă Bárd hăd chántĕd mănў ă Dāy.

The Firſt of which is imitated from CHAUCER, who at the Head of a M. S. Copy of his Works, which I have ſeen, begs Pardon of GOD for many Offences againſt Piety and Decency,

" And mănў ă Rīme, ănd mănў ă Léchĕroŭs Lāy;

The Other from SPENSER, who ſaith of the Satyr that had ſeiz'd fair AMORET,

Nē cāre hĕ hád, ne pītў ŏn thĕ Prēy,
Whĭch mănў ă Knīght hăd ſoūght, sŏ mănў ă Dāy.

Such Numbers, and, as in This Laſt Inſtance, ſo contraſted to one another, what Pleaſure do they give the Ear!

But ſhould ſo great an Infelicity befall the Authors of ſuch harmonious Lines as to have ſome Future Critic ariſe, and teach us to read, with a *dull* and *heavy* Uniformity,

And man' | an Am' | rous, man' | a hum' | rous Lay,
Which man' | a Bard | had chant | ed man' | a Day,

How would ſuch Writers loſe half the Praiſe of their Verſe, the Harmony of their Numbers?

But how much worſe would it be, if they muſt loſe alſo the Beauty and Force of their very Idéas, and the Power of conveying 'em to the Mind of the Reader in the ſtrongeſt Manner; and if, to ſuch a Purpoſe, every Line and every Movement be corrupted and confounded?

Thus when, by the Addreſs of a ſeaſonable *Pyrrichius*, we ſee the Boūght Smile of the Harlot, the Serenading Lover ſtarv'd indeed, and Night

Night with double Darkneſs projecting her Conic Shadow; the Editor, with a great deal of Compaſſion, indeed, for the Lover and the Harlot, but with No Compaſſion to the Author, or Regard to the Pleaſure of the Reader, ſaith, rather let it be th' *Half-ſtarv'd* Lover, and his Caſe will be bad enough.

But the Poët was of a differing Opinion; and therefore has *ſtarv'd* him *quite* to every one that reads with a Natural Voice, and gives to every Sound it's proper Accent and Quantity of Time: Nor can he well exceed in the Quantity, nor reſtore too fully the Time which had been Artfully or Happily abated in the Weak and Evaneſcent Sounds that preceded. And why ſhould not the Mind and Judgment of the Reader have ſome Pleaſure in the *Power* and *Variety* of the Numbers, where the Ear is pleas'd to an Exceſs, and ſooth'd with the Sweetneſs of all the Sounds that introduce and follow Theſe, in a Dozen ſuch Lines as can ſcarce be met with in any other Poët? I will give the Reader theſe Verſes in the Author's Own Numbers. He will find 'em in the Admirable Hymn to WEDDED LOVE, B. iv. Ver. 763——

Hēre Lōve hĭs gōldĕn Shāfts ēmploys—Hēre līghts
Hĭs cónſtănt Lāmp—ănd wāves hĭs púrplĕ Wīngs:
Reīgns Hēre, ănd révĕls—nót ĭn thĕ Boūght Smīle
Of Hárlŏts—lóveleſs, joўleſs, ún̆ĭndeār'd,
Cáſŭăl Frŭítĭon—nŏr ĭn Coūrt Amoūrs,
Mīxt Dānce, ŏr wántŏn Māſk, ŏr Mídnīght Bāll,
Or Sérĕnāte, whĭch thĕ ſtārv'd Lóvĕr ſings
Tŏ hĭs Proūd Faīr, bēſt quíttĕd wĭth Dĭſdaīn.
Thēſe, lūll'd bў Nīghtĭngāles, ēmbrācĭng ſlēpt;
And ŏn thĭr Nākĕd Līmbs thĕ Floūrĭĕ Roōf
Shōwr'd Rōſēs, whĭch thĕ Mōrn rĕpaīr'd—Sleēp ōn,
Blēſt Paīr! ănd ōh! yēt Háppĭĕſt, íf yĕ ſeēk
Nō Háppĭĕr Stāte, ănd knōw tŏ knōw nŏ mōre.

And then it follows,

Nōw hăd Nīght meáſur'd, &c.

'Tis

'Tis in exchange of ſuch Numbers and Idéas that we are taught to read, Ver. 765.

— — Not i' th' (or THE) bo't Smile.

And, in the Margin, like the very HISS of the Serpent,

— — Not in th' hired Smiles,

And Ver. 769,

—which th' eſtärv'd Lover, or,—th' half-ſtarv'd—

And in Ver. 776.

Now hád Night—

But the worſt of all is, that as the Editor very often does not ſo much as underſtand his Author, nor is ſenſible, in the leaſt, of Beauties which the Numbers unavoidably offer to a Proper Reader, He attempts, by his raſh Corrections, to render it forever impoſſible to be perceiv'd by others. See a Glaring Inſtance of This, B. iv. 472—Where, after the moſt agreeable Turn of Thoughts and Words, ſo Natural to the Occaſion, and in the OVIDIAN Manner; he ſhews us yet that he knew when there was enough of the Pretty, eſpecially as an [ANGELIC, or] Heavenly Voice was to be introduced: And then he continues, indeed, the Turn of Thought ſtill for many Lines together, but gives the Reader the Pleaſure to ſupply the Turn of Words, and make the Application.

For thus EVE relates her Story to ADAM, when ſhe firſt ſaw her own Image or Shadow in the Water, B. iv. 460.

As I *bent* down *to look*, juſt oppoſite,
A Shape within the watry Gleam appear'd
BENDING TO LOOK on me: *I ſtárted back*—
IT STARTED BACK—but *Pleās'd I ſoon return'd:*
PLEAS'D IT RETURN'D AS SOON—with anſwering Looks
Of Sympathy and Love. There I had fixt
Mine Eyes 'till Now, and pin'd with vain Deſire,
Had not a Voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What There thou ſeeſt, Fair Creature, is Thy Self:

With

With Thee it *came* and *goes*: but follow Mee
And I will bring thee where NO SHADOW STAYS
Thy *Coming* and thy ſoft *Embraces*; HEE
Whoſe IMAGE THOU art: HIM thou ſhalt enjoy,
INSEPARABLY Thine: to HIM ſhalt bear
MULTITUDES LIKE thy SELF, &c.

What! ſaith the GRAMMARIAN, All her Progeny to be FEMALES! No doubt he gave it, MULTITUDES like YOURSELVES.

Are MULTITUDES ALL then? Or were ALL Mankind to be ſuch Pretty Images of EVE as This, which ſhe ſaw in the Water, that ſeparated Her and the other EVE, which *came* and *went* with Her?

But the Editor was ſo far from apprehending the Thought of the Poët Here, that He has not ſo much as a Suſpicion of it; and therefore propoſes to read

— — — — He whoſe
Image thou ART———

No, the Heavenly Guide ſaith, with an Emphaſis on the Pronoun Perſonal,

Whoſe Image THOU art—

That is, as This Shadow in the Water is THINE.

The like Miſtake of the Accent ſeems to have led a much better Judge into a ſtrange Fancy that MILTON, in the Hurry of his Thoughts, had confounded, not only the Son of GOD, but even GOD himſelf with his Creatures. For thus, probably, He read the Words, laying the Accent on the Even Syllable,

— — GOD and his SON except,
Creäted THING nought valued he, nor ſhun'd.

But the Poët, laying the whole Streſs of his Voice on the Word

* Mr. ADDISON.

CRE-

CREATED, and touching in the ſlighteſt manner on the Word, THING, (ſo inconſiderable a one, that in the Language of the Poëts he moſt read, it would, perhaps, have utterly diſappear'd, Τὸ κτιστὸν δὲ) no other Idéas probably entred into his Mind, but Theſe: *Excepting the Fear of* GOD *and his* SON, *he was uncapable of Fear: but as for any* CREATED *thing* ------ *he neither dreaded nor ſhun'd it, nor conſequently This Goblin.*

If This be not the Senſe of the Grammar, coldly reduced to its proper Parts of Speech, 'tis the Senſe, the only Senſe, that the Numbers, and a fir'd Imagination ever convey'd to My Thoughts in the reading This Paſſage:

> Th' undaunted Fiend, what This might be, admir'd:
> *Admir'd*—NOT FEAR'D—GOD and his SON except—
> CREATED thing nought valu'd he, nor ſhun'd.

The END of the FIRST ESSAY.





J. Richardson. f.

Forsitan & Nostros ducat de Marmore Vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia Myrti, aut Parnaside Lauri
Fronde Comas, at ego Securâ Pace quiescam.
Milton in Manso.

ESSAY the SECOND:
ON THE
NUMBERS of PARADISE LOST.

Theſe Rules revolve; and learn the Secret Pow'r
Of HARMONY, *in Tones and Numbers hit*
By Voice or Hand and Various-meaſur'd Verſe.

To Mr. *RICHARDSON.*

SIR,

AS the Sudden Thoughts on the NUMBERS of MILTON, which had the Happineſs to pleaſe You, were writ without any Deſign or Method; and only as one Line or Thought led on to another: I have been diverted thus long from anſwering Your Requeſt for tranſcribing of 'em, by a vain Endeavour to reduce 'em to ſome Order.

My Intention was to have given you, if not a *Juſt Diſcourſe*, yet at leaſt ſome *tolerable Eſſay* on the *Muſic*, *Variety*, and *Power* of *Numbers* in PARADISE LOST; and to have kept every thing that relates to each, diſtinct from

the other; and many a Sheet of Paper had I written and rejected; interlin'd and blotted; tack'd together and ſeparated, till I had quite bewilder'd myſelf, and got nothing by all my Labours but to exemplify once more the Deſcription which CHAOS gives of his own Empire in our Author, that is, to ſee

CONFUSION *worſe confounded*——

And, perhaps, could I have ſatisfied myſelf, I had yet diſappointed my Friend; who expected thoſe very Papers from me, and thoſe Original Idéas, which voluntarily offered themſelves to my Mind; and which You were ſo obliging to ſay, had let You into the Reaſon of the Pleaſure Your Ear had always found in the NUMBERS of MILTON, tho' You were not able to account for it to Yourſelf, or explain it to Others.

The Like, in ſome meaſure, or the Reverſe rather, had happened to myſelf, but a little before, in the reading of a † Poëm, which came out with Great Expectation, and was receiv'd, for a while, with a General Applauſe; in which the Verſes were apparently Smoother than Thoſe of

† LEONIDAS.

MILTON,

MILTON, and yet were ſo far from giving me equal Pleaſure, that it was impoſſible to read any Number of 'em together without feeling the utmoſt Satiety and Wearineſs.

I was ſoon able, indeed, to account for This: but That which puzzled me moſt was, that I was ready to imagine the *Smoother* the *Verſes* were, the more *Flowing* would the *Numbers* be, and run off the Tongue and the Ear the Faſter: And yet I ſeem'd to feel the quite contrary to be True, in reading This Author; nor once reflected that the *Smootheſt* Waters are the moſt *torpid* and *heavy* in their Motion.

To enter into This Myſtery, therefore, I own I went Mechanically to work: I took the two or three Firſt Pages of That Poëm, and reduced every Verſe to its proper Quantity and Proportion of Sounds; and thereby ſoon diſcover'd that, excepting the Admiſſion of a *Trochee* here and there at the beginning of 'em, (for which his Ingenious and Learned ‡ Friend ſoon after rather *excus'd* than *applauded* him,) the Verſes conſiſted entirely of *Engliſh Iämbics: Iämbics*, I mean, in Accent, which yet in real Quantity of Time

‡ Dr. PEMBERTON.

are

are many of 'em nearer to *Spondees*, the moſt Sluggiſh and Uniform of All Movements: And This, continu'd, as generally it is, from the Beginning to the End of the Poëm, muſt needs give a diſguſting Stiffneſs and Heavineſs to it.

After This I turn'd, in like manner, to the Firſt Lines in PARADISE LOST, and found, to my equal Surprize and Pleaſure, in the Reading of thirty or forty Verſes, that the ſame Numbers or Movements, in every reſpect, were hardly once repeated: And that all the Movements which the mixt *Iämbic* of the Ancients admitted, were every where introduc'd with utmoſt Advantage and Pleaſure to the Ear: and even ſuch, as never were, nor ought to have been admitted into this Kind of Meaſure by the Ancients, are the very Sounds that give Life and Motion to the *Engliſh Iämbic*, and add a Peculiar Grace and Felicity to it in ſuch a Language as Our's.

This it was that gave occaſion to the Lines that follow.

Remarks on the NUMBERS *in the Argument to* PARADISE LOST.

Written in the Year 1737.

MILTON has ſhewn us, in the very Entrance of his POEM, tho' probably without Deſign, what an endleſs Variety of Numbers we are afterwards to expect, in a kind of Verſe, conſiſting only of Five Feet and Ten Syllables, for the moſt part.

Of the Twenty-ſix Verſes in the Argument, or Invocation, there are hardly Two that are like one another in every Reſpect; much leſs any Two that ſtand near each other.

The ENGLISH HEROIC conſiſts of ſuch Feet as bear the neareſt Reſemblance to the *Iämbic*, eſpecially the *Mixt*, or, as they call it, the *Impure Iämbic* of the Ancients.

But then it muſt be remember'd, that Our Movements are not to be meaſur'd with the ſame Nicety as Their's; and that the *Tone* very often ſupplies the Place of the *Time*. They would therefore, perhaps, have appear'd Harſh and Diſſonant to the Ear of the Ancients, as * Their's alſo certainly do, for a quite contrary Reaſon, to Our's.

And This, it may be, is common to Us with all other Lan-

* Thus in an *Iämbic*, and even a *Pure Iämbic* of HORACE, Epod. xvi.

Sŭis & ipſa Roma viribus rŭit:

Or that other,

Minacis aut Etruſca Porsĭnæ mănus;

Becauſe, in the modern Manner of Pronunciation, the *Tone* and the *Time* do not agree with one another, the Muſic of the Verſe is loſt to our Ears, which would have been better pleas'd with a *Spondee*, than with the regular Movement in the fifth Place. And how much more agreeable is the Sound of That other Verſe, in the ſame Ode,

Eques ſonante verberabit ungulâ,

Tho' the Firſt *Iämbic* in This Line is, to an *Engliſh* Ear, no other than a *Trochee*, and a Departure therefore from the Law of Verſe, which the Poët had preſcrib'd to himſelf.

guages, which have ariſen out of the Confuſion of the *Gothic* and the *Roman*. But the *Engliſh* ſeems to have an Advantage above all the reſt of thoſe Languages, which makes it more Numerous in Verſe, and capable of a greater Variety. The *French*, particularly, * is acknowledged to have a perpetual and unwearied *Monotony*; and has nothing therefore to diſtinguiſh the Movements in one Verſe from another but the *Rime* alone. For which Reaſon LA MOTTE ſays, 'tis impoſſible to write a Poëm of any conſiderable Length in the *French* Language, which ſhall not weary the Reader with the perpetual Uniformity of the Sounds. He tells us, that the moſt entertaining Poëm which they have is the LUTRIN of Mr. BOILEAU. But if inſtead of Six, he had drawn it out to the Length of Twelve Books; or if, inſtead of three Hundred, every Book had conſiſted of as many more Verſes, no Man could have the Patience any longer to read it.

But had MILTON given us, not only Ten or Twelve, but Twenty or Forty Books, ſuch as we find the Firſt Six, or Eight, of PARADISE LOST, with the ſame Variety of Subject, Style, and Numbers, we had forever read him, and with a Pleaſure forever New.

For the *Engliſh* Language has the utmoſt Variety both of *Time* and *Accent*. Every Vowel with Us is ſometimes Long, and ſometimes Short; and we lay the Accent, indifferently, on the Laſt, the Laſt but one, or the Third Syllable from the End, and ſometimes ſeem to draw it ſtill more backward; or to give a kind of double Accent to ſome *Polyſyllables*, one Stronger and one Fainter. For the ſame Reaſon the Verſes run with the greater Fluency and Sweetneſs of Sound into one another; and the Ear is prepar'd either to reſt at the Cloſe of the Verſe, or to be led on into That which follows. And the † Pauſes are indifferently made, in any Part of the Verſe, and on the Even or Uneven Syllables.

* *L'Art de Parler*, L. iii. C. 2. §. 1, 2. *Rapin, Reflexions ſur la Poëtique*, 37. *p.* 111.

† On a Review of this Eſſay, it ſeems proper to confirm and illuſtrate what here advanced by ſome Examples.

The Firſt I ſhall offer is taken from DRYDEN.

Thee next, | propitious *Pales*, | I rehearſe:
And ſing thy Paſtures, | in no Vulgar Verſe,

Thus the bold *Britiſh* Bard, in Bloom of Youth,
Smit with the Love of HARMONY and TRUTH,
Liſten'd

Amphryſian Shepherd: | the *Lycæan* Woods, |
Arcadiă's flŏwĕrў Plains, | and pleaſing Floods—
All other Themes, | that careleſs Minds invite,
Are worn with Uſe: | Unworthy Me to write.
Buſiris' Altars, | and the dire Decrees
Of hard *Euryſtheus*, | Evĕrў Reader ſees:
Hylas the Boy, | *Latona*'s erring Iſle, |
And *Pelops*' Ivŏrў Shoulder, | and his Toil
For Fair *Hippodame*— | with all the reſt
Of *Grecian* Tales, | by Poëts are expreſt.

VIRGIL, *Georg.* iii. at the beginning.

This is to ſhew the Felicity of the *Engliſh* Language, even in Rime itſelf. In that Verſe the Taſk is eaſier.

In the following Lines the Pauſe is made in Every different Part of the Verſe.

— — — — Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander | where the Muſes haunt, |
Clear Spring; | or ſhady Grove, or ſunny Hill;
Smit with the love of ſacred Song; | but chief
Thee, *Sion*, | and the floury Brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd Feet, | and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit. |
Then feed on Thoughts, | that voluntary move
Harmonious Numbers; | as the wakeful Bird

Liſten'd to Heav'nly Notes, which None may hear,
Of Earthly Mould, with groſs unpurgĕd Ear,

Sings darkling ; | and, in ſhadieſt Covert hid,
Tunes her Nocturnal Note. | Thus with the Year
Seaſons return, | but not to Mee returns
Day, | or the ſweet Approach of Ev'n or Morn.

PARADISE LOST, B. iii.

Deſcend from Heav'n, *Urānĭă*,—by that Name
If rightly thou art call'd.

B. vii.

No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, | but all
The Multitude of Angels, | with a Shout
Loud | as from Numbers without Number ; | ſweēt
As frŏm Blēſt Voīces, uttĕring Joy.

B. iii. Ver. 344.

The leaſt Agreeable Pauſes are thoſe at the Firſt, or before the Laſt Syllable. Theſe therefore are ſeldom found in our Author, but when they have ſome peculiar Beauty, and when either the Words or the Idéas deſerve or demand an Emphaſis be laid on 'em.

To the Examples of This Kind alre produced, the following may be added.

Cœleſtial Voices to the midnight Air,
Sōle, | or Reſponſive each to other's Note,
Singing their great Creator.

PARADISE LOST, B. iv.

— — — — — then with Voice
Mīld | ăs whĕn *Zĕphўrŭs* ŏn *Flōra* breāthes.

B. v.

And in his Native Language learnt to hit
Inimitable Sounds—

MILTON's *Juvenile* Poëms. Entertainment at *Harefield*.

Some

Or If the Star of Ev'ning, and the Moon
Haſte to thy Audience, Night with Her will bring
Silence, | and Sleep liſt'ning to Thee will watch;
Or we can bid his Abſence, till thy Song
End | and diſmiſs Thee ere the Morning ſhine.

B. vii. Ver. 104.

— — — — the humble Shrub,
And Buſh with frizled Hair implicit. | Laſt
Roſe, as in Dance, the ſtately Trees—

Ib. Ver. 322.

— — — — the grey
Dawn | and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet Influence—

Ib. Ver. 373.

— — Triumphant Death his Dart
Shook | but delay'd to ſtrike—

B. xi. Ver. 491.

In all which Inſtances, you ſee, the Verſe begins with a *Trochee*; and This with greater Sweetneſs and better Effect than if he had uſed the *Spondee*; and much more than if he had made it a Law to confine himſelf to perpetual *Iambics*, which had unavoidably deſtroy'd the Emphaſis of the Sound.

All other Pauſes are agreeable to the Ear, tho' leaſt at the End of the Second Syllable, or Firſt Movement; unleſs in the Uſe of the *Trochee*, or of the *Tribrachus* or *Dactyle*, which-ever we chuſe to call it.

And a ſtrong Accent is ſo far from being neceſſary on the *Even* Syllable at All times, that in the Caſe of *Polyſyllables* the Pauſe ſufficiently ſupplies it's Place, and a *Pyrrichius* is introduced with Beauty. For *Polyſyllables*, whether eſteem'd of *Three*, or *Four*, or *Five* Syllables, always either *pleaſe*, or *fill* the Ear; and the more ſo, when the Time is broken into leſſer Diviſions.

How happy the Author has been in the Uſe of Theſe may appear in part by the following Examples:

The one ſeem'd Woman to the Waiſt, and Fair,
But ended Foul in many a Scaly Fould,
Volumĭnous and Vaſt—

B. ii. Ver. 650.

Some Pauſes, 'tis true, and Some Movements are more Sweet, and more Flowing, or more Majeſtic and Sonorous than others:

But

— — — — and over-head up-grew
Inſŭpĕrăblĕ Height of loftieſt Shade.
B. iv. Ver. 138.

Others whoſe Fruit, burniſht with Golden Rinde,
Hung ámĭăblĕ—
— — — and gently creeps
Lŭxūrĭănt—
B. iv. Ver. 249, and 259.

— — — his dewy Locks diſtill'd
Ambrósĭă—
B. v. Ver. 56.

— — — — and Shields
Vărĭoŭs, with boaſtful Argument portray'd.
B. vi.

— lead forth to Battel Theſe my Sons
Invíncĭblĕ— *Ib.*

— — — who wont to meet
So oft in Feſtivals of Joy and Love
Unánĭmoŭs—
B. vi.

— — and on thir Heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came Shādŏwĭng—
B. vi. Ver. 653.

With burniſht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidſt his circling Spires, that on the Graſs
Floted redŭndănt—
B. ix. Ver. 501.

—How

Bŭt ĭn thĕ Mĭxturĕ ŏf āll Thēſe ăppēărs
Vărĭĕtў—whĭch āll thĕ Rēſt ĕndēărs.

Iämbics, *Trochees* and *Spondees* are the Feet generally, and, perhaps, too generally us'd. For the Admiſſion of the *Tribrachus*, *Anapoeſt*, or *Dactyle*, adds to the Grace, or Fulneſs of the Sound. And many of our *Spondees* themſelves are ſometimes a kind of Spurious or Half *Iambics* ♀ ◦ ◇; and, at other times, little more than the *Pyrrichius*, ♀♀, a ſort of Imperfect Meaſure, but neceſſary very often in the *Engliſh Iämbic*, to temper the heavy and immoderate Length of ſome of our *Spondees*; and even in Verſes where thoſe *Spondees* are a Reäl Beauty,

♀ ♀ ◇ ♀ ◇ ◇ ◇ ♀ ◇
When AJAX ſtrives ſome Rock's vaſt Weight to throw,

♀ ◇ ♀ ◇ ♀ ♀ ♀ ◇ ◇ ◇
The Line too labours, and the Words move ſlow.

With this Allowance reduce the Firſt Thirteen Verſes in PARADISE LOST to their proper Numbers, and view 'em in all their Diſtinctions from one another, and you will find, I imagine, no leſs than *Twenty* Varieties in the *Feet*, or *Movements*, and half as many in the *Pauſes*, beſides Thoſe which ariſe from the Compariſon of one or more Verſes with the Reſt, or from the different Connection of the Feet with each other, or even their Independency one on another; a Variety of which the *Heroic* of the Ancients was not equally capable, if we may judge

---

— — — How gladly would I meet
Mortălĭtў my Sentĕnce, | and be Earth
Inſensĭblĕ!—

B. x. Ver. 775.

Thus we have ſeen that 'tis poſſible to pauſe at Every Syllable, and in Every Part of the Verſe both with Advantage and Pleaſure; and to diverſify the very ſame Pauſes, and give an Agreeable Variety to 'em.

Such is the Genius of our Language! So manageable to All the Purpoſes of the Sweeteſt or Nobleſt Numbers, and That with an Endleſs Variety.

Whether any other Modern Language will furniſh us with the like Examples I know not; but ſure I am they are neither the Sons of APOLLO, nor the Favourites of the *Muſes*, who have no Ear or Reliſh for ſuch Sweetneſs, Majeſty, and Variety of Sound.

at

at leaſt by the Practice of the later *Romans*; or not with equal Beauty and Pleaſure to the Ear. On Account of all which, 'tis poſſible, perhaps, that in *Ten Lines* there may be little leſs than a *Hundred Varieties* in the *Engliſh* Heroics, which makes me wonder at the Barrenneſs and Poverty of many of our Modern Verſifyers in the Midſt of ſuch Endleſs Riches.

And if ſuch be the Variety, where the Author, it is probable, had no other Intention than ſimply to propoſe the Subject of his Poëm, what may we not expect in thoſe Parts of it, where the Numbers are varied with Deſign, and labour'd on purpoſe?

Not but that every where throughout all his Compoſitions, *Art* as well as *Nature* directed him, forever to vary his Subject and his Style; the Air, the Sentiments, and the Numbers. Accordingly the *Three Firſt Verſes*, as they have no particular Beauty in any other reſpect, ſo neither in the Numbers: But this ſeems to be One Reaſon why the *Two* or *Three* that follow, give us all the Pleaſure that the Ear is capable of in *Engliſh* Verſe, eſpecially thoſe Words, of Smootheſt Numbers and Sweeteſt Sound,

— — — — till one Greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsfull Seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muſe—

This is an Artifice often and plainly us'd by MILTON. You may obſerve it more than once, before the Cloſe of This very *Invocation*: and if you doubt it Here, turn to Two Paſſages, one in this Poëm, and the other in PARADISE REGAIN'D, where the Occaſion is exactly the ſame, and the ſame Neglected and Beautiful Numbers are oppos'd in the very ſame Manner.

Blind THAMYRIS and Blind MÆONIDES, (and)
TIRESIAS and PHINEUS, Prophets old:
Then feed on Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious Numbers — &c.

PARADISE LOST, B. iii. 35—40.

—me

— — — met
By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,
LANCELOT, or PELLEAS, or PELLENORE:
And all the while harmonious Airs were heard
Of Chiming Strings or Charming Pipes; and Winds
Of gentleſt Gale *Arabian* Odours fann'd
From thir ſoft Wings, and FLORA's Earlieſt Smells.
PARADISE REGAIN'D, B. ii. Ver. 359—364.

See alſo PARADISE LOST, B. iv. Ver. 232—268; And eſpecially B. vii. in the Introduction to the Work of each Day, in the Hiſtory of the Creation.

And thus, with regard even to the IMAGES THEMSELVES, their Variety and Oppoſition, we converſe firſt with all the Horrors and Darkneſs of Hell; and thence are raiſed at once to the Regions of Eternal Light and Glory, to the Joys and Acclamations of the Bleſſed Spirits, and to

— — — — the Sound
Symphónïoŭs of Ten Thouſand Harps, that breathe
Angelic Harmony—

And thence we alight on the Globe, not of This Earth, as BENTLEY ſeems to imagine, but of This Univerſe, till we come to a Paſſage juſt at the Foot of the Stairs of Heaven, thro' the Uttermoſt Convex, which divides between CHAOS and all the Inferior Orbs of the New Creation, which whole Univerſe of Worlds encloſed from CHAOS in one Vaſt Convex or Orb, appear'd to SATAN, by means of a Light reflected from the Walls of Heaven, as if it had hung in a Golden Chain, dependent from Heaven itſelf; in the ſame Manner as a Star of the ſmalleſt Magnitude would appear to Us, if ſeen in it's Appulſe to the Moon, and almoſt loſt in it's Stronger Light. PARADISE LOST, Book the Second, Ver. 1029—1055.

The like Contraſte to each other, I imagine, muſt be added to the many Accounts that have been given of the Pleaſure which every Reader is ſenſible of in that celebrated * Diſtich in *Cooper*'s Hill, which

* The late Mr. HUGHES, in a Sketch for an ESSAY on the HARMONY of VERSE, (which was never finiſhed,) endeavours to account for the Beauty of this Diſtich in the following Manner:
'As the Harmony of theſe Lines has
'all

which Mr. DRYDEN has render'd ſo remarkable by propoſing the True Reaſon of it as a Problem to torture the *Grammarians*. For nothing can be more different than the *Sounds*, and the *Numbers* or *Movements* in the *Two Verſes*, as will appear to the Ear itſelf, and by meaſuring the *Time* in the Feet of either, that are oppos'd to the other,

◇ ◇ ♀ ◇ ◇ ◇ ♀ ♀ ◇ ◇

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull:

Where the Verſe moves as Slow, and Silent, or as Gentle as the River: All in *Iämbics*, if we call 'em ſo, that are nearer to *Spondees*, excepting in one place, where it had been a manifeſt Impropriety.

'all the Perfection that can ariſe from the 'Unforc'd Quantity of the Syllables, ſo 'is That Harmony varied by the Stops, 'the Diverſifying the *Grammatical* Struc-'ture of each Sentence, and the different 'placing of the Accent on the Words. It 'may ſeem very Minute to explain this 'particularly; but becauſe Mr. DRYDEN 'has ſomewhere mentioned the Muſick of 'Theſe Lines as a Riddle which Few 'cou'd explain, and has kept that Secret 'to himſelf, it may not be amiſs to offer 'at a Solution of it.

'I ſhall ſay nothing of the Natural and 'Unforc'd Quantities in theſe two Lines, '(which are immediately obvious to Every 'Reader,) but only that by this means the 'Verſe is Smooth, and there is no need 'to diſtort any Word in the pronouncing 'to make it ſtand in the Verſe. The 'Four Pauſes are alſo Muſical, each con-'taining an entire Sentence; but this Mu-'ſick wou'd not be ſo perfect if the *Gram-'matical* Structure of each Sentence was 'the ſame: As if, for Example, it run 'thus;

'Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet lively;
'Tho' ſtrong, yet calm; tho' full, yet reſtrain'd.

'This, tho' the Quantities of the Syl-'lables were kept as exactly as at preſent, 'would not make ſo Muſical a Verſe. But '(as it is in DENHAM,) the *Second* Sen-'tence is varied from the *Firſt*, by the Ne-'gative; the *Third* from *Both* the pre-'ceding; and the *Laſt* Sentence from the '*Third* by the *Participle*, and the tranſ-'poſing the Order of the Words; and 'the cloſing the Couplet with the Empha-'tical Word *Full*, compleats the Har-'mony:

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without Rage; without o'erflowing Full.

'If there be any other Myſtery in 'Theſe Lines, I own it is beyond my 'Skill to diſcover it.

But

But ſtronger Idéas requir'd Numbers Stronger and Fuller: and ſuch is the following Verſe,

◇ ♩◇ ◇ ♩◇ ◇◇♩ ◇

Strong without Rage; without o'erflowing, Full.

It begins with a *Trochee*, which gives Motion to the River; but check'd by a *Spondee* of Two very Long Times, oppos'd to the Shorter Times of That which ſtands in the Same Place, in the preceding Verſe; as the *Trochee* Here is oppos'd to a *Spondee* of Longer Sound in the Former. The Like we may obſerve in the True or Genuine *Iämbic* in the Third Foot, which is oppos'd to the Gentler *Spondee* above it: And as the Weakeſt Sounds fall, as the Idéas require they ſhould, on the Fourth and Fifth Feet in the Firſt; ſo the Sounds, that fill and arreſt the Ear, ſtand in the Fourth Movement Here, and yet are clos'd in the moſt agreeable Manner, as the Law of the Diſtich generally demands, with a reäl *Iämbic*, or Sounds that approach the neareſt to it. And the Laſt Half of the Former Verſe has no Beauty, in My Opinion, but what is owing to this Oppoſition, and it's Agreement with the Image it repreſents.

And this leads me to another, and, in the Opinion of ſome Great Writers, (if we may judge at leaſt by their Practice,) the Principal Advantage of Variety of Numbers; an Advantage which the Ancients endeavour'd after in their Proſe itſelf; the ſuiting I mean the Sounds to the Idéas, and the Movements in the Diſcourſe to Thoſe in the Mind: Or reſting the Ear, and fixing the Streſs of the Voice on Thoſe Words, on which the Thought itſelf turns.

This is all that HORACE ſeems to attend to in his *Satires* and *Epiſtles*, which he deſign'd to be *Sermoni propiora*—And our own DONNE in all his Compoſitions, [That All-governing but Unruly Genius,

— — — whoſe Haſte had Wit,
And Matter from whoſe Pen flow'd raſhly fit;

As his Friend Mr. MAYNE ſays of him;] which however he has certainly carried to an Exceſs, tho', for the Humour of it, we may excuſe it in the following Inſtance;

" Now, if This Verſe be too harſh for Rime, yet, as
" The Painter's Bad God made a Good Devil,
" 'Twill be Good Proſe, altho' the Verſe be Evil,
" If thou forget the Rime as thou doſt paſs.

But why then, you will ſay, was the Rime added?

Yet, perhaps, the Numbers in HORACE have little more of Muſic in 'em, where he ſays,

Quod, ſi me populus Romanus forte roget—cur
Non, ut porticibus, ſic judiciis, fruar iiſdem.

But, if the *Roman* People aſk me—Why
I live not in the ſame Opinions—As
In the ſame Walls:—

Which you may read without diſcerning they are Verſe.

Whoever deſires to be more fully ſenſible of This, may turn to the Third Satire of his Firſt Book: And, if in the reading of it, he will give each Word it's proper Accent, as he would do in Proſe, he will immediately obſerve, how far the Senſe is aſſiſted by the Sound, and eaſily diſtinguiſh between the *Muſic* and the *Power* of Numbers.

All therefore that HORACE propoſed was, not either to offend or to pleaſe the Ear, but to take only the Advantage of proper Numbers to pour in upon the Mind of the Reader all the Idéas of his own Mind with the ſame Evidence and Force with which they appear'd to Himſelf; and attended with the very ſame Emotions of Soul; which it is hardly poſſible to do in Proſe; where the Reader is not under the like Neceſſity of giving Every Word and Every Syllable it's proper *Accent* or *Emphaſis* of Sound.

And he who has the Addreſs, or Felicity, to join Theſe Two, the *Muſic* I mean, and the *Power* of Numbers together, his Works will be admir'd, wherever found. For This has been the Practice of all thoſe Poëts, whoſe Writings have been the perpetual Admi-

ration

ration and Delight of their Readers, and of none, perhaps, more than of our Author; if allowance, at leaſt, be made for the Language.

Sublime or Low, Unbended or Intenſe,
The Sound is ſtill a Comment to the Senſe.

As ROSCOMMON truly ſays of VIRGIL; and Both of 'em had learnt this Art from their Common Maſter HOMER.

Add This to the * Juſt Remark of a late Writer concerning Simplicity of Style, and you will perceive the Reaſon, why you hear the Sound of Waters, ruſhing down the Mountains, ſo much farther and louder in the Verſe than you do in the Proſe, (with what Simplicity and Propriety ſoever tranſlated,) in thoſe Perpetual and Disjointed *Dactyles*, ILIAD. Δ. 455.

Τῶν δέ τε, | πλεόντε, | δύπτοι, ἐν | ὑσμίνῃσι, | ἴκλυε | ποιμήν·

And why the Moon ſhines ſo much brighter, and Every Star is ſeen ſo diſtinctly, and the Heart of the Shepherd, that is, of HECTOR himſelf [the *Paſtor Populorum*,] rejoices, when he views the Thouſand Fires kindled in the Camp of the *Trojans*, around the brighter Fire of his own Royal Pavilion; by the Light of which, all the Tops of the Mountains, the Promontory of *Sigæum*, and the Vales below appear, in the Calm of a Serene and Cloudleſs Night, that ſucceeded the Storm and Fury of a Day ſo full of Action:

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν | οὐρανῷ | ἄστρα φαεινὴν | ἀμφὶ σελήνην,
Φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, &c.
Πάντα δέ | τ' εἰδεῖαι | ἄστρα·—γήγηθε δέ | τε φρένα | ποιμήν.
ILIAD. Θ. 555—559.

* A Pomp and Clatter of ſounding Words, where care is not taken to preſerve clear Meaning in them, however they may amuſe a negligent Reader, ſerve only to darken the Picture intended to be drawn, inſtead of brightening it. Figurative Phraſes anſwer very often in Poëtry, as well as in Proſe, no better Purpoſe than to cloak over Obſcurity in our Idéas.

Obſervations on Poëtry, p. 83.

In the deſcriptive Part of *Epic* Poëtry, all Attempts towards Pomp of Style ought ſo to be moderated, that the Image be never rendered in any Degree indiſtinct.

In every kind of Poëtry, ſtudied Expreſſion is an Art ſo very obvious, that great Care ſhould be taken to avoid Exceſs, which will ever have the Appearance of Affectation.

Ibid. p. 100, and 101.

As in calm Seaſons, round the ſilver Moon,
Glitter Unnumber'd Stars; the diſtant Tops
Of all the Hills, the Foreland's ſteepy Head,
And the deep Vales appear, while Heav'n above,
Opening, diffuſes an immenſe Serene.
The SHEPHERD SWAIN, who tends his Flocks by Night,
Views Every Star: His Heart with Joy o'erflows.

Or, in Rime, it may run thus:

As in Still Air, when round the Queen of Night
The Stars appear, in Cloudleſs Glory bright,
The Rocks Remote, the Hills and Vales are ſeen;
And Heav'n diffuſes an immenſe Serene!
Thus while Each Star with Rival Luſtre glows,
The * SHEPHERD's Heart with ſecret Joy o'erflows.

This is the General Senſe of the Words; but in the *Original* Every Principal Idéa is ſo ſtrongly mark'd and diſtinguiſh'd by the *Numbers*, the *Pauſe*, and the *Situation* of it in the Verſe, that you not only ſee all that the Poët deſcribes, but ſo much more than is expreſs'd, that *One Line* in HOMER is thought ſufficient to furniſh *more Verſes* in the Landſkip, or Night-piece, given us by his Tranſlator, than are to be found in the Whole *Similé* in the Original, which conſiſts of no more than *Five* Verſes; and, in a cloſe Tranſlation, might be compriſed in the ſame Number of Lines in *Engliſh*.

---

* The *Shepherd* (as I have already obſerved,) is HECTOR; the *Stars* are the *Thouſand Fires* kindled by the *Trojans*, while they watch'd their Tents.

Thus in MILTON,

— The careful Plowman, that ſtands doubting,
Leſt on the Threſhing Floor the hopeful Sheaves
Prove Chaff—

is the Angel GABRIEL, who is ſolicitous for the Safety of ADAM and EVE. PARADISE LOST, Book iv. Ver. 982.

'Tis the ſame in the Next Inſtance:

Ῥῆξας, | ἀσπίτῳ | ὄμβρῳ,—ἀναιδέϊ | ἴχματα | πάντα.

ILIAD. N. 139.

And in all the reſt which are mentioned in the ‡ ſame Place; to which I ſhall add only one more, becauſe MILTON had it apparently in his Eye in his Tranſlation of the 14th Verſe of the 83d Pſalm.

As whĕn ăn āgĕd Woōd tākes fīre
whích ŏn ă ſúddĕn ſtraīes:
Thĕ greēdiĕ Flāme rŭns hīghĕr ănd hīghĕr
tĭll āll thĕ Moūntaĭns blāze.

For that you ſee the Flame running, and the Mountains all in a Blaze in one Moment, is owing to the Rapidity of the Numbers. The ſame you will obſerve in HOMER, but aſſiſted by the Situation of every Word in each Line, which gives you a Proſpect of the Conflagration afar off, as well as of the Light of the *Grecian* Armour reflected to the Heavens.

Ἤϋτε | πῦρ αἰδηλον—ἐπιφλέγει | ἄσπετον | ὕλην
Οὔρεος | ἐν κορυφῇς—ἴκαδεν | δέ τε | φαίνεται | αὐγή·
Ὡς τ' | ἐρχομένων, ἀπὸ | χαλκοῦ | θεσπεσίοιο
Αἴγλη | παμφαάνουσα δι' | αἰθέρος | οὐρανὸν | ἶκε.

ILIAD. B. 455—458.

At * the ſame time pleaſe to examine, and obſerve the Propriety and Force of the Sounds in almoſt Every Line which introduces and follows Thoſe I have cited, as well as every where elſe in the ILIAD, and you will

‡ Obſervations on Poetry, p. 77—79.

* To this purpoſe SPENSER, and after his Example MILTON, and DRYDEN alſo, vary the *Alexandrine* itſelf, one of the moſt uniform Meaſures, as it is generally uſed, and break it into ſeveral Pauſes; which it is impoſſible perhaps for the *French* to do, tho' it is their only *Heroic* Meaſure.

Thus we ſee the ſame Artifice in both the following Verſes, the *Heroic* and the *Alexandrine*, in which BELPHOEBE expreſſes her Reſentment when ſhe ſurprizes TIMIAS and AMORET in a miſtaken, but ſuſpicious Behaviour:

Is

will no longer wonder at the Effect the Numbers of HOMER have on the Reader, or why MILTON has choſen Him above all other Writers, as the Pattern he would every where copy after.

It is the ſame with VIRGIL in the following Paſſages:

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ
Amiſſos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Obſervans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, & mœſtis late loca queſtibus implet.

GEORG. L. iv. Ver. 511.

Hic, ubi disjectas moles, avulſaque ſaxis
Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum;
Neptunus muros, magnoque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit, totamque à ſedibus urbem
Eruit. Hic Juno Scæas ſæviſſima portas
Prima tenet, ſociumque furens à navibus agmen
Ferro accincta vocat.
Jam ſummas arces Tritonia, reſpice, Pallas
Inſedit, nimbo effulgens & Gorgone ſæva.

Is this the Faith—ſhe ſaid—and ſaid | no more;
But turn'd | her Face—and fled away— | for evermore.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. iv. Canto 7. Stanza 36.

Upon his Foe | a Dragon | horrible and ſtern.

B. i. Canto 1. Stanza 3.

Thus MILTON of the like Image:

Swinges | the Scaly Horror | of his folded Tail. |

And DRYDEN in his THEODORE and HONORIA:

They grip'd her Flanks, | and oft eſſay'd | their Jaws in Blood:
She rent the Air, | with loud Laments | imploring Aid.

Ipſe

Ipſe Pater Danais animos vireſque ſecundas
Sufficit: Ipſe Deos in Dardana ſuſcitat arma.

ÆNEID. L. ii. Ver. 608.

The Beauty of Theſe Lines does not ariſe merely from the *Juſtneſs* and *Simplicity* of the Thoughts *abſtractedly* conſider'd, but as *United* with the *Harmony* and *Power* of *Numbers:* And, indeed, it ſeems impoſſible to do any tolerable Juſtice in *Proſe* to the Idéas convey'd in the *Verſe.*

This is the Remark ROSCOMMON made long ago on the *Proſe Tranſlations* of Ancient Poëts by the *French*, particularly that of HORACE, compar'd to ſome of our own Tranſlations of a different Kind; in which, as he ſays,

Serene and clear, Harmonious HORACE flows,
With Sweetneſs not to be expreſs'd in Proſe.
Degrading Proſe explains his Meaning ill;
And ſhows the Stuff, but not the Writer's Skill.
I, who have ſerv'd him more than Twenty Years,
Scarce know my Maſter as he There appears.

Mr. POPE has ſhewn in his ESSAY on CRITICISM, how Senſible he was of This Beauty; and alſo by a Note on a very Significant Break in a certain Verſe in his Tranſlation of the ILIAD, in which he has rival'd, and even equal'd VIRGIL on the like Occaſion: And indeed had he ſaid All that he found in VIRGIL, he had ſaid leſs:

Mortalis mucro—glacies ſeu futilis—ictu
Diſſiluit:—fulvâ reſplendent fragmina arenâ.

ÆNEID. xii. 740.

Like brittle Ice, broke ſhort the Mortal Brand:
The Fragments glitter on the Yellow Sand.

For the Run of the Verſe, with ſuch a Rapidity of Numbers as in this Laſt Line, which are almoſt all of them Pure or Genuine *Iämbics,*

Iämbics, and one of them rather a *Pyrrichius*, with the impertinent Obſervation of the Colour of the Sand in a wrong Place, had at once confounded the Idéas, and hurried them off the Imagination, the Moment they were preſented to the Mind. But now, (as the Line ſtands in Mr. POPE,) Every Principal Idéa is detach'd from the reſt by the Situation of it in the Verſe; and the Ear and the Mind are at full Leiſure to attend to Each:

— — — — — *ictu*
Diſſiluit—fulvâ reſplendent fragmina arenâ.

The brittle Steel, Unfaithful to his Hand,
Brōke ſhōrt—thĕ Frāgmĕnts glíttĕr'd ŏn thĕ Sānd.
ILIAD iii. Ver. 447.

And you hear it *break*, and ſee the Fragments *glitter*; while the *Evaneſcent* Sound of the *Pyrrichius*, in a proper Place, fixes the Imagination on the *Fragments*, the *Glittering*, and the *Sand*; and ſubſerves the main Intention of the Poët.

But This is the Law which governs Every Line, and the Situation of almoſt Every Word in MILTON. Nay and many Idéas, which neceſſarily ariſe in the Mind of the Reader, are convey'd by the very Run and Sound of the Verſe, without the Uſe or Need of Words. When SATAN enquires whom they ſhould ſend in ſearch of This New World, that is,

— whō ſhould tempt with wandring Feet
The dark, unbottom'd, infinite Abyſs,
And thro' the palpable Obſcure find out
His uncouth way——

He does not tell you how long his Aſſociates remain'd ſilent, nor had any Occaſion. The well-plac'd *Spondees* in each Line ſufficiently expreſs it,

— — — āll sāt mūte—
Pond'ring the Danger with Deēp Thoūghts—

And, a little after, you hear, without being told, the Slow and Solemn Voice of the Heralds, explaining at leiſure the Sounds which had demanded Attention. Nor is This the only Beauty of That Paſſage, or of the Verſes that follow, which I may now truſt the Ear of the Reader to ſuggeſt to him.

Then, of thir Seſſion ended, they bid cry,
With Trumpet's Regal Sound, the great Reſult.
Tow'rds the Four Winds, Four Speedy Cherubim
Put to thir Mouthes the ſounding Alchymy,
By Heralds Voice explain'd: the Hollow Abyſs
Heard far and wide; and all the Hoſt of Hell
With deafning Shout return'd them loud acclaim.

PARADISE LOST, B. ii. Ver. 514.

I will add but one more Inſtance: When he would expreſs to us, to uſe the Words of DONNE,

With what a burdenſome Unwieldineſs,
Sin heaves along her cumbrous Corpulence,

Her huge Paunch, I mean, or *Kennel* rather, as the Poët calls it, of hateful Monſters, towards the Gates of Hell, which yet ſhe is plainly in haſte to open; in agreement with the Image he had conceiv'd in his own Mind, he checks the Movements all at once in the midſt of their Career, and, by a ſudden Reverſe of Numbers, fixes the Attention of the Reader on the Difficulty, the Pain, and the Unwieldineſs of the Motion,

* And tow'rds the Gate—rowling her Beſtial Train.

Had he ſmooth'd the Verſe, and run on, as he began, in continual and uninterrupted *Iambics*,

* The Harmony of this Line had been objected to, in the OBSERVATIONS ON POETRY, p. 132, where the following Correction is propoſed,

And | roll | ing tow'rd | the Gate | her Bes | tial Train;

Placing an *Iambic*, inſtead of a *Trochee*, in the Third Movement, to make the Verſe run ſmoother.

And rōllĭng tōw'rds thĕ Gāte hĕr Bēſtiăl Traĭn,

He had unwarily convey'd a quite contrary Idéa, an Idéa of Ea and Celerity, painted in the Swiftneſs and Rapidity of the Numbers.

By this Method, the Poët ſays a Thouſand Things, if you wi allow the Expreſſion, of which he ſays Nothing; or ſays 'em in Stronger and more Emphatical manner: And does not Write, bu Paint, or Stamp his Idéas on the Imagination; and, as Mr. Addi ſon juſtly expreſſes it,

" Whate'er His Pen deſcribes, I more than ſee.

This is one Reaſon why Milton abhorr'd, and avoided Rime.

There is undoubtedly a Pleaſure which Rime gives to the Ea but a Pleaſure which ſoon grows Stale upon us, and breeds Satiety, a Every larger Work will preſently diſcover.

If any one doubts it, let him read the Pharsalia of Mr. Rowe or any other long Poëm in Rime, and written with the Same Notion of Smoothneſs and Uniformity of Numbers.

For, as Cicero has obſerv'd, Thoſe Things, which are only Pret ty, pleaſe us for a while; but Thoſe which are truly Beautiful pleaſ us FOREVER. Such are Numbers, that is, Order, and Proportio with Variety. But there is one Fault almoſt unavoidable in Rime that the Attention of the Reader is neceſſarily divided between th Meaner Pleaſure of the Ear, and the Solid and Nobler Pleaſur which the Mind receives in the Full and Undiſtracted View o ſome Great and Beautiful Object, which poſſeſſes it wholly, and fro which nothing ſhould call it off.

Of what Importance to the conveying our Idéas, or impreſſin and detaining of 'em on the Mind of the Reader, the Situation o a Word or Sentence is, I ſhall attempt to ſhew by Milton's De ſcription of That Beautiful *Phænomenon*, commonly call'd the *Au rora Borealis*, or *Northern Twilight*, which has Two Poles, (if may ſo call 'em,) one to the North and by Weſt below the Horizon

(ſo frequently ſeen in the *Northern* Parts of the World,) and the other almoſt Vertical towards the South and by Eaſt.

This our Author had undoubtedly ſeen, by the lively Manner in which he deſcribes it, B. vi. 79—

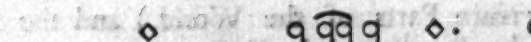
— — — — at laſt
Far in th' Horizon to the North appear'd
From Skirt to Skirt a fiëry Region, ſtretch'd
In battailous Aſpect, and nearer View
Briſtl'd with upright Beams innumerable
Of rigid Spears—

And as the ſame *Phænomenon*, when it firſt forms itſelf in a Still Evening, is like a *Twilight*, whoſe higheſt Part is always a Point to the Weſt of the Pole-Star; and appears in a luminous Arch, ſomething reſembling That which the Sailors call an *Oven*; beneath, and over which, the Sky begins firſt to lowr, or turn fiery Red, with the Appearances of Clouds, Smoak, or Flame, we may ſee the Uſe he makes of it a little before, Ver. 56—

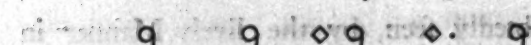
So ſpake the Sov'ran Voice, and Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and Smoak to rowl,
In duſky Wreathes, reluctant Flames, the Sign
Of Wrauth awak'd—

But That which I firſt propos'd to lay before you now, is the Deſcription he gives of it, Ver. 533, under the Notion and Name by which *Aſtrologers* are wont to repreſent it, *viz.* The *Acies Cæleſtis*.

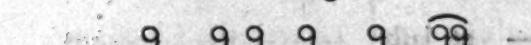
As when to warn proud Cities—War appears
Wag'd in the troubled Skie—and Armies ruſh
To Battle in the Clouds—before Each Van
Prick



Prick forth the Aëry Knights—and couch thir Spears



'Till thickeſt Legions cloſe—with feats of Arms



From either End of Heaven the Wélkin burns.

PARADISE LOST, B. ii. Ver. 533.

To be the better underſtood Here I have mark'd diſtinctly all thoſe little Pauſes, which we are wont to make at Every Comma, as well as at the End of Every Verſe, to ſhew by what Art, or Felicity rather, every Image, ſo ſtrongly and ſo beautifully painted in This Deſcription, is plac'd alone, and ſet in Full View before the Reader.

The *Trochees* that begin the Two Firſt Verſes, and from which the Voice runs off ſwiftly, neceſſarily throw the Streſs of the Sound on the Word *Warn*, on the *Proud Cities*, and the *Troubl'd Sky*, which are the Idéas he intends to impreſs upon the Mind. The *War* appears with Advantage, at the End of the Firſt Verſe; and the *Armies ruſh* with a ſtronger Percuſſion upon the Ear, at the Cloſe of the Next. The Weak Sound of the Particle *in*, upon which None but a *B—y* or a *B—n* would lay any Streſs, tho' it falls in the Place of the Even Syllables, fixes the Attention of the Reader on Thoſe Sounds which expreſs the *Battle* and the *Clouds*, the Scene of This Imaginary War: *Before Each Van, Prick forth the Aëry Knights*, by the like Artifice, in the Clauſe that follows; and ſo of the reſt.

Yet it was merely by Accident I pitch'd on This Inſtance, allur'd by the Beauty of the Deſcription.

The Addreſs of the Poët would, perhaps, be more clearly ſeen, had I begun at Ver. 870, and tranſcrib'd, in the ſame manner, every Verſe thenceforward to the End of That Book. By the mere Hearing of which Lines from the Mouth of a judicious or animated Reader, an unprejudic'd Mind, as I have ſometimes thought, would be able to form ſuch a Notion of the Propriety and Power of Sounds, as he would hardly derive from all the Authors that have ever writ on the Subject of Numbers.

But

But, inſtead of Theſe, I will only tranſcribe another Paſſage out of PARADISE REGAIN'D;

— — and either *Tropic* now—

'Gan thunder—and Both Ends of Heaven the Clouds—

Fróm mány a horrid Rift—abortive, pour'd

Fierce Rain with Lightning mixt—Water with Fire

In Ruin reconcil'd—nor ſlept the Winds

Within thir ſtony Caves—but ruſh'd abroad

From the Four Hinges of the World—and fell—

On the véxt Wilderneſs—whoſe talleſt Pines—

Tho' roóted Deep as High—and ſturdieſt Oakes

Bow'd thir ſtiff Necks—loaden with ſtormy Blaſts—

Or torne up ſheer—

PARADISE REGAIN'D, B. iv. Ver. 409.

If any one thinks that what he ſees or hears in Theſe Lines is owing alone to the Happy Choice of proper Words, and not to the *Numbers* or the *Diſpoſition*, let him read the Words in another Order; and ſuppoſe the very Same Sentiment had been ſuggeſted to a Modern Verſifyer: It would then probably have run in the following, or ſome ſuch manner;

To

To thunder, either *Tropic* now began;
And [burſting] Clouds, from many horrid Rifts,
Abortive pour'd fierce Rain, with Lightning mixt,
Water with Fire, in ruin reconcil'd:
Nor ſlept the Winds within thir ſtony Caves;
But from the World's four Hinges ruſh'd abroad,
And fell at once on the vext Wilderneſs:
Whoſe talleſt Pines, tho' rooted Deep as High,
And ſturdieſt Oakes bow'd down thir ſtubborn Necks
Loaden with ſtormy Blaſts, or torne up ſheer.

Here are almoſt All the very Words of MILTON preſerv'd; and yet the Same Idéas do not riſe in the Mind; or are not painted on the Imagination, in the ſame Strong and Lively Manner, as when you read 'em in the Author himſelf; and are forc'd, as it were, by the Run of the Verſe, and Situation of each Word in Places where the Voice naturally reſts or pauſes, to dwell on Each Image preſented to the Mind, and ſurvey it at Full Leiſure.

For when you have thus reduc'd All the Numbers to one Movement, (excepting the Admiſſion of an Emphatic *Trochee* Here and There, which I knew not how to avoid;) have thrown out the *Spondee*, the *Pyrrichius*, the *Tribrachus*, or *Anapoeſt*; have chang'd the Situation of the Words, and the Running of the Verſes into one another, you hear it *thunder* no more; you ſee it no longer *lighten* over all the Heavens, nor the Clouds pouring down the ſudden, or as he calls them, *Abortive Showers:* The *Winds* ſleep in their Caves; or fall not with the ſame Weight and Fury on the Deſert, tho' you are more expreſly told they do ſo: The Pines are no longer the *Talleſt* in the Foreſt; nor, above all the reſt, do the

— — — — ſtúrdĭe Oāke
Bōw * thĭr ſtĭff Nēcks———

* Thus MILTON, in his own Edition of his Works, always ſpells this Pronoun, probably to ſhew the Pronunciation to be ſhort, as well as to diſtinguiſh it from the Adverb *there*.

Nor

Nor are equally

— — Loāděn wĭth ſtōrmў Blaſts,
Or torne up ſheer—

The Same Words then, in a different Situation, will not have the Same Effect. The Movements muſt be ſuited to the Idéas and the Paſſions, deſign'd to be excited or laid.

By thĕ loūd Trūmpĕt, thăt our Courage aids,
We learn that Soūnd as well as Sēnſe perſuades.

For as HUDIBRAS ſaith humourouſly, but yet, as every one feels, truly,

— if a Trumpet ſound or Drum beat,
Who has not a Month's mind to combat?

But I believe it will be impoſſible for any Man, whoſe Courage is at leaſt merely Mechanical, to feel the ſame eager Diſpoſition to engage, if the Drum were to beat the *Dactyle* and the *Trochee*, inſtead of the Angry *Iambic*, or the Puſhing *Anapoeſt*. For 'tis only,

Tŭm tĭtĕ, Tŭm tĕ: Tĭtŭm, Tĭtĭtŭm.

Iambics. Thĕ dōúblĕ, dōúblĕ Beāt —
Anapoeſts. Of thĕ thūndĕrĭng Drūm
Iambic and *Anapoeſt.* Criĕs Heārk! thĕ Foĕs cōme:
Two ſtrong Percuſſions clos'd with *Anapoeſts.* Chárge! Chárge! 'tĭs toŏ lāte tŏ rĕtreat.

'Twas an Injury therefore to the Firſt Author, in Him who publiſh'd the Preſent Copy of *Cheviot Chace*, to throw out the ſupernumerary Sounds, (as he thought 'em) in the *Original Ballad*, tho' to do This he was oblig'd, at the ſame time, to burleſque the Senſe.

I own indeed that the Later Copy was fitted with great Judgment to be ſung by a Party of *Engliſh*, headed by a DOUGLAS in the

the Year 1524, which is the true Reaſon why, at the ſame time, that it gives the Advantage to the *Engliſh* Soldier above the *Scotch*, it gives yet ſo Lovely, and ſo manifeſtly Superior a Character to the *Scotch* above the *Engliſh* Commander; a Secret unknown to the Author of the SPECTATOR; to which yet the principal Effect of the Ballad on the *Engliſh* is owing, who are taught to believe that they have nothing to fear in *Scotland* but a DOUGLAS; and a DOUGLAS is now their Leader. For Brute Violence and Strength were the only Diſtinctions of PIERCY; but true Magnanimity, Piety, Humanity, and Every Virtue adorn'd the DOUGLAS. And This and many other Beauties are owing to the Reviewer; but then he is to anſwer alſo for the only Abſurdity in it; which the SPECTATOR had reaſon to cenſure:

For WITHERINGTON needs muſt I wail,
as one in doleſul Dumps;
For when his Legs were Smitten off,
he fought upon his Stumps.

But the Old Ballad of OTTERBURN, in the Reign of HARRY the Sixth, has it;

For WITHERINGTON my Heart was woe
thăt ēvĕr hĕ ſlaīn ſhould bē:
Fŏr whĕn Bōth his Lēgs wĕre hēwn ĭn twō,
yĕt hĕ kneēl'd, ănd foūght ŏn his Kneē.

The following Remark by an * Author of Vaſt Reading, but in haſte to judge of every thing he read, ſeems to Me a very weak one: The Critics have generally admir'd that Paſſionate Exclamation of TURNUS, in Circumſtances which All riſe up to the View of the Reader at the ſame Time that he hears him cry out,

Uſque adeone mori miſerum eſt? —

ÆNEID xii. Ver. 646.

* Monſieur LE CLERC.

* To convince us effectually that there is nothing extraordinary in This Sentiment, we need, ſaith he, only place the Words in their Natural Order;

Mori non eſt uſque adeo miſerum;

That is, there is no Difference between a Dry and Cold Reflection, and the utmoſt Diſtreſs of Mind, painted in the very Diſorder of the Words, or expreſs'd in a Tone of the Voice, that ſpeaks the Agony of the Soul itſelf.

To conclude; The Various Emotions of the Mind are expreſſed by a like Variety in the Movements of the Voice. We expreſs our Pleaſure and our Joy by the *Trochee*, the *Tribrachus* and the *Dactyle*; our Reſentment by the *Anapoeſt* and *Iambic*; while the ſlow and Solemn *Spondee* calms the Paſſions, and compoſes the Soul.

* This Inſtance was cited by Memory only, from a Book, which I had not read ſince it firſt came into my Hands, almoſt forty Years ago; and if it does not appear in any other, as I own it does not in the Place where I expected to find it, the Reader will yet ſee, that this Writer has given me expreſs Leave to chuſe any other Inſtance than That which he himſelf is pleas'd to give us. † *Pour ſe convaincre de la Verité de ce que je dis, il ne faut que mettre en l'ordre de Conſtruction les* plus beaux endroits *de Poëtes, & l'on ne trouvera rien qui plaiſe.*

‡ PARRHASIANA, Vol. I. p. 27—29.

POST-SCRIPT.

IN theſe kind of Expreſſions, *Blank* Verſe has certainly th Advantage over *Rime*; but, as SPENSER, WALLER, * DRYDEN, and many others have ſhewn, they are not Peculiar to *Blan* Verſe.

To fill up therefore the Leaf that remains, I will give an Inſtanc firſt of the *Sweetneſs* and *Power*, and then of the *Power* and *Va riety* of *Numbers* even in *Rime* itſelf; the Former from Mr. Ad DISON, the Latter from Mr. PRIOR.

Sō, whĕn ăn Angĕl—bў Dĭvīne Cŏmmānd—
Wĭth rīsĭng Tēmpĕſts ſhākes ă gūĭltў Land;
Súch ăs, ŏf lāte, ō'er pāle *Brĭtánnĭa* pāſt,
Cālm ănd Sĕrēne hĕ drīves thĕ fūrĭŏus Blāſt;
And, pleās'd th' Almīghtў's Ordĕrs tŏ pĕrfōrm,
Rīdes ĭn thĕ Whĭrlwĭnd, ănd dĭrēcts thĕ Stōrm.

In Theſe Lines there is all the Muſic, and, at the ſame time, the Propriety of Numbers we could wiſh. The *Trochee*, *Pyrrichius*, the *Spondee* and *Iämbic*, are each introduc'd in th proper Places, and all anſwer the Intention of the Poët with Greateſt Succeſs.

And Mr. PRIOR, in his Ode on the Battle of *Ramellies*, (wh appears to Me to be the Nobleſt of all his Poëms,) having

* See particularly DRYDEN's Tale of the COCK and the FOX from CHAUCER; and his THEODORE and HONORIA from BOCCACE.

pos'd the Style and the Numbers of SPENSER for his Imitation, has admirably varied the Movements in Every Verſe, and adapted 'em to the Ideas with the Greateſt Propriety. Let the Reader compare the following Lines with one another, and with the Ideas repreſented in 'em.

Whĕn Greāt *Aūgúſtŭs* | gōvĕrn'd ănciĕnt *Rōme*,
And ſént hĭs Cōnq'rĭng Bānds | tŏ fóreĭgn Wārs:
Abrōad whĕn Dreáděd | ănd Bĕlōv'd ăt Hōme,
Hĕ ſāw hĭs Fāme | ĭncrēasĭng wĭth hĭs Yeārs;
Hórăce—Greāt Bārd | sō Fāte ŏrdaĭn'd, ărōſe:
And Bōld | ăs wĕre hĭs Cóuntrўmĕn ĭn Fīght,
Snátch'd theĭr faīr Actiŏns frŏm dĕgrādĭng Prōſe,
And ſét theĭr Bāttlĕs ĭn Etérnăl Lĭght.

In the marking of which Lines I have not regarded the Accent ſo much as the Time and reäl Quantity of Sound in Each Movement.

The END of the ESSAYS.

Remarks on the Scripture Senſe of the Word PREACHING.

THE Word PREACHING is originally *Latin*, and ſignifies no more, in general, than the *Publiſhing* of any thing. And the Senſe of the *Greek* is almoſt the ſame; *viz. to report or deliver the Meſſage with which we are charg'd.* So we read of our LORD, that *he went through every City and Village*, PREACHING and SHEWING *the glad Tidings of the Kingdom of* GOD. LUKE viii. 1. And what we tranſlate *to* PROCLAIM *Liberty to the Captives, and the acceptable Year of the* LORD, in ISAIAH, lxi. 1, 2. is to PREACH them in the Style of LUKE, iv. 18, 19.

It is to perform the Office of that * publick Meſſenger, or Herald of a Prince, who writes down, reads, and by reading proclaims, or cauſes to be poſted up, at all public Places, the Meſſage with which he is ſent. And by whatever Methods he does effectually *publiſh* the Will of the Prince, he is ſaid to *preach* it, *i. e.* to perform his Office as a PRÆCO.

Thus ISAIAH, and other Prophets of old, were anointed to PREACH, Ch. lxi. 1. But we find 'em ſometimes directed to *write down* the Meſſage they had received *in a Table*, and to *note it in a Book*. ISAIAH xxx. 8. That is, as the learned GATAKER obſerves on the Place, that it might be hung up, or faſtened to a Wall, Poſt, or Pillar, in ſome public Place, where All might take Notice of it. To which Cuſtom Alluſion ſeems to be made in HABAKKUK, xi. 2. *Write the Viſion, and make it plain upon Tables, that he may run that readeth it.* Where the PROPHET ſeems to be commanded to hang up his Prophecy in ſome public Place, and to write it in ſuch fair

* Κήρυξ, *Præco.*

and legible Characters, that he that runs might yet be able to read it. † And thus you find, that when ISRAEL ſhould have paſſed over *Jordan* to the Land of Promiſe, they were to ſet up great Stones, and to plaiſter them over, and to write upon them all the Words of the Law very plainly. DEUTERONOMY xxvii. 1, 3, 8.

Thus then when the Prophets *wrote* and *noted down* the Contents of their Prophecies, they truly *preached* them, *i. e.* performed their Duty and Office as the PRÆCONES were wont to do. SOLOMON, at leaſt, does evidently call himſelf the PREACHER, for having *written* and *publiſhed* the *Sermon*, which we read in the Scriptures, under the Title of ECCLESIASTES, or the PREACHER. Yet he calls them the WORDS of the Preacher, the Son of DAVID, King of ISRAEL. The WORDS, that is, the WRITTEN WORDS, Ch. xii. 9. *Moreover becauſe the* PREACHER *was Wiſe, he ſtill taught the People Knowledge*; And how? Why, *he ſought out, and ſet in order many Proverbs:* Several of which we may read to this Day in the Book of PROVERBS. And again, Ver. 10. *The* PREACHER *ſought*, that is, endeavoured, *to find out acceptable Words, and That which was* WRITTEN *was Upright, even* WORDS *of Truth.* So that Words ſought out by diligent and ſerious Premeditation, and then WRITTEN DOWN and PUBLISHED to the World, are ſaid to be PREACH'D to it in the Language of the *Holy Scriptures.*

Again, the READING of the Word *ſo written*, in any public Aſſembly, is call'd by the HOLY GHOST the PREACHING of it.

So ſaith the Apoſtle JAMES, ACTS xv. 21. *For* MOSES *of old time has in every City Them that* PREACH *him, being* READ *in the Synagogues every Sabbath Day.* Though weak and ignorant People, or They who have a Deſign to carry on and to manage by it, oppoſe to

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† So PROPERTIUS:

I puer, et citus hæc aliquâ propone columnâ.
L. iii. El. 22. Ver. 23.

Hoc carmen mediâ dignum me ſcribe columnâ:
Sed breve, quod currens Vector ab urbe legat.
L. iv. El. 7. Ver. 83.

one

one another PREACHING and READING, and particularly *the Reading of thoſe Words*, which, after the Example of the wiſeſt Preacher of mere Men, are firſt diligently ſought out, and noted down in a Book, to be read in public Aſſemblies: Yea, and diſallow, in like manner, even the reading of the *Holy Scriptures* themſelves in thoſe Aſſemblies.

The laying down of which ancient Cuſtom of *reading the Scriptures*, as MOSES was read over in the Synagogues once every Year; and the juſtling out of that, which the HOLY GHOST calls PREACHING, by that other Method which alone is now honoured with this Name, I am verily perſuaded is one great Cauſe of That amazing Confuſion, Stupidity and Ignorance, which may be often obſerv'd in Perſons, who think themſelves extremely knowing in the *Scriptures*, and yet ſeem never to have once read them over in Order in their whole Lives, or to have any other Acquaintance with them than what they have attained by hearing or reading the Sermons and other Diſcourſes of a few ENTHUSIASTS. But ſurely it is fit, that we ſhould ſometimes hear GOD Himſelf ſpeaking to us in his *own Words*, as well as to hear the Senſe, which others think fit to put upon them.

And the Time was, when the greateſt Part of Mankind muſt never have heard the pure Word of GOD at all, if they had not been able to hear it read in the Chriſtian Aſſemblies: I mean when, before the Uſe of *Printing*, it had required a conſiderable Fortune to have purchas'd a Bible, which they might read by themſelves.

11 : 7 : 19

FINIS.